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THE FEMALE INVINCIBLES.

When love's reveille summons matron and maid,
Julia Ann is the first to appear on parade;
Ever ready at roll call, with weapon in hand,
To advance, wheel, and halt, at the word of command
With a passing salute as we march in review,
To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-tat-too!

Spoken.—Attention, company!—Right dress!—Support arms!—By platoons, right wheel!—Forward, guide left, march!

With a passing salute, as we march in review,
To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-tat-too!

For conquest prepared, yet determined to yield,
Fair Theresa and Sophia are next in the field;
Where they gaily manœuvre their bright polished charms,
Waiting Hymen's command for presenting their arms.
With a passing salute as they pass in review,
To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-tat-too!

Spoken.—Halt!—Ready!—Aim!—As you were!—By the right flank, file left, march!

With a passing salute, as we march in review,
To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-tat-too!

Well armed and equipped for a trial of skill,
Fair Eliza and Jane next appear in the drill;
Though reckless of danger, they'll face any man,
Yet their fire often proves but a flash in the pan.
With a passing salute, as they pass in review,
To the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-tat-too!

Spoken.—On the right, file into line!—Rear rank, open order, march!—Present arms!—Carry arms!—Close order!—Right face, march!—Recover arms!

With a passing salute, as we march in review,
With the rub-a-dub-dub and the rat-tat-too!

A RUNNING FIGHT;

OR,

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Some ten years ago, when travelers in Oregon suffered very severely from attacks of Indians, I was one of a party passing through that wild and unknown State, on my way to California. After a month's ride from the Williamette Valley, we diverged westward from the great emigrant trail, and found ourselves camped one evening on the trail to Crescent City, at its intersection by Deer Creek, an offshoot of the Illinois River. Our party consisted, besides myself, of two lethargic Germans, a feeble-minded young artist lately from London, and a stark taciturn hunter from Missouri. During our long journey I had tried to be companionable with each of my fellow-travelers in turn, and at last had fallen back on Kit Butler, the Missourian, with whom I gradually established terms of a smoking, not a speaking intimacy. On the evening of our encampment on Deer Creek, supper having been eaten and the horses picketed before setting the guard, each of us betook himself to his own private relaxation. This was for the Germans, sleep; for the artist, self-examination by help of a small glass on a comb-handle; for Kit and me, the resolving of ourselves into a vigorous smoking committee. When we had been smoking for some little time, Kit suddenly addressed me:

"Mate," he said, "this hoss don't kinder fancy this har camp, he don't."

To my eyes, a better camping ground could not have been selected. It was pitched on a flat prairie, where "wood, water, and grass" were each at hand, while, at the same time, there was no cover for lurking Indians nearer than the creek—a long rifle shot distant. But Kit, I observed, had his eye, miles and miles away, on a thin spiral column of smoke.

"An Indian camp fire?" I exclaimed.

"And Rogue River too near," Kit growled.

I understood him. We were camped not far from the Rogue River, and it was likely enough the fire had been lit by an outlying party of the Rogue tribe, who had earned their sobriquet from being notoriously the most rascally Indians in all Oregon. The night, however, passed without an alarm. In the morning, the Germans' cattle, already half-foundered, were found to be so badly galled by careless saddling, that it was agreed we should halt for four-and-twenty hours, to give the poor brutes a chance of recruiting.

Kit, who never descended to argument, made a wry face at this plan, and, catching up his rifle, prepared, as was his custom, for a hunt. I went with him, and after some hours, we got within range of a herd, and shot for supper a small elk, or wapiti deer. On nearing camp again, we saw that our party had been joined by a young Indian lad. Equipped in a suit of dressed deerskin, with a good deal of Indian finery about him, he stood in an easy attitude by the camp fire, while our artist sketched him, and the Germans were looking on lazily. This admission of the Indian into camp was against all prairie laws, as it has been found that such visitors are invariably spies, and "trouble" is pretty sure to come of their visits. Kit, therefore, throwing down the venison, burst angrily into the group.

"I found him in the creek; I only wanted to draw him," explained the startled artist, dropping his sketching block and brush.

"Draw him!" Kit shouted, "I'll draw a bead on the young spy's carcass if he don't make tracks in less than no time. Mate!" said the ireful hunter to me as the frightened red skin darted across the plain, "jest fix your shooting-irons right, for we'll have 'trouble' afore long. This coon knows naught of Injuns, he don't."

Impatient to get away from our present camp, I was not sorry when the day drew to a close, and we began to prepare supper. While I chopped some wood for the fire, Kit cut up the carcass of the elk we had shot in the morning, and kneaded the flour for bread in the "prospecting" tin. When I had made up the fire, there was no water for the coffee. As usual, our companions had been loafing about, aiding little or nothing in the indispensable camp duties. Somewhat annoyed, I bade one of the loafers take our tin saucepan down to the creek to fill it. Of course, there was a discussion of the lazy as to who should be at the trouble of performing this slight service. In the end, one of the Germans took the saucepan up, and with an ungracious expletive, departed on his errand. My fire blazed away brightly. Kit's cake, propped up before it with a stone, was baking in the usual primitive fashion, and the venison steaks, cut up into little chunks, threaded on to a peeled wand, were twirling over the embers. Still the German had not returned with the water. As, in spite of our hails, he did not emerge from the hollow of the creek, which had a steep bank considerably higher than a man, his fellow-countryman was dispatched to see what he was doing. When he in his turn had disappeared down the bank, I noticed that Kit, who sat on the ground twirling the spit, let it fall into the fire, and seemed to listen anxiously to a sound that reached only an ear quick as his. But shortly an awful shout arose. It was a heartrending appeal for help, and I should have certainly responded to it by rushing down to the creek, but that the powerful grasp of Kit, who had now risen from the ground, withheld me. Again, and this time fearfully prolonged, the cry of a man in his extremity arose, and we saw the second German struggling desperately from the creek. Even from the distance at which we stood, we could perceive that during the few moments of his absence, he had passed through a terrible ordeal, for his clothes, torn completely away, hung in strips about his person, and exposed the naked flesh, crimson with many slashes, telling that the cruel and silent knife had been at work on him. For a moment, this ghastly figure extended its arms piteously towards us, and uttered another cry, but fainter than before. It was his last effort. Apparently seized from behind by an unseen hand, the unfortunate man tottered for a moment, then threw up his arms, sank back and disappeared down the creek. Kit was the first of the witnesses of this shocking tragedy to break silence. "Injuns!" he cried; but his explanation was superfluous, for as he uttered it a crowd of redskins jumped forth from the creek, and charged down upon us with pealing whoops.

"Look to the cattle, or we'll all be rubbed out, by thunder!" shouted Kit, as we caught up our rifles. His warning was just in time. No white man's horse can brook the Indian whoop, and all those of ours that had hitherto been grazing quietly about, with the lariats dragging, galloped wildly over the prairie in full stampede, and were irrevocably lost. Only three horses remained to us. They had luckily, a short time before, been hitched up to a tree near at hand. Before these terrified brutes could break away we had sprung to their heads, and effectually secured them by doubling their lassoes. At first, panic-struck by the appalling sight I had just witnessed, and the critical position in which we were placed, I entertained the idea of flinging myself on to the back of one of the horses, and flying for my life, but the hunter restrained me. "Do as I do, mate," he said, with an admirable coolness that completely re-assured me; and in obedience to his example, I took cover behind the horses, and leveled my rifle across their backs, point-blank at the approaching party of red-skins. These, who were armed chiefly with bows and arrows, observing our demonstrations, and knowing that we were not to be taken by surprise, or without a certain loss to themselves—conditions utterly opposed to all Indian ideas of warfare—gradually faltered in their pace till they came to a stand-still, and then broke and fled back to the cover of the cre k in great confusion.

There being now breathing-time, I remembered the artist. Strange to say, he was nowhere to be seen; but Kit, who seemed to divine the reason of my puzzled looks, pointed up the tree beneath which we stood. I looked aloft, and dimly amid the foliage of the cedar, I descried a dangling pair of bluchers that seemed familiar to me. They were the artist's. "Come down!" I shouted; "the Indians are gone." But my request met with no response, unless an irritable movement of the dangling boots was meant for a negative. Again I hailed them, when, as if to put an end to all further argument, they ascended higher among the branches, and were lost to sight. "Guess the scared critter's best up the cedar," said Kit, adding suddenly, as he glanced over the prairie, "Hurrah! Now, mate, saddle up right smart." And while I rapidly equipped the horses, to my astonishment, he busied himself in casting upon the fire all the property lying about the camp, with the sole exception of our rifles and revolvers. "If yon varmint git us, they'll only git mean plunder," he said, grimly contemplating his work of destruction.

"The Indians in the creek, you mean?" I asked.

The hunter shook his head, and pointed southwards.

Following the direction of his arm, I made out throughout the fast-fading twilight, a band of horsemen galloping right down upon us. They were mounted Indians. As, doubtless, they were acting in concert with those on foot in the creek, it was plain that our position was no longer tenable. I perceived that Kit was of this opinion, for he was now hastily examining the three remaining horses. They were young American cattle that I had bought on the Columbia, as a speculation for the California market. Two of them were light, weedy-looking fillies; but the third, a powerfully-made chestnut stallion, with white feet, was by far the best of the lot.

"You will take the chestnut, he is the only horse at all up to your weight," I said to Kit, who was a seventeen stoner, at least.

"Thankee, mate," he replied; "'tis kind of ye—yes, 'tis, to give up the best hoss; but I wish 'twar my old spotted mustang. Don't kinder consate them white feet, and that eye ain't clar grit, it ain't!"

A few minutes were now wasted in endeavoring to persuade the artist to descend the tree and take the third horse; but, either on account of intense fear, or a conviction of the security of his "cache," he still made no sign. As the horsemen were now fast closing in upon us, and the footmen in the creek began to show themselves, as if with a design of cutting off our retreat, we were compelled unwillingly to leave this impracticable votary of "high art" to his fate. So, mounting our horses, and driving the third one before us, we put on the back trail.

"Hold hard, friend!" said my comrade, as the fresh young filly I rode stretched out in a slashing gallop. "If 'twar only twenty miles of good pariera from this to Van Noy Ferry that we've got to make to save our skins, we'd throw out yon varmints right smart; but recollect this pariera gives out in six miles more, and we've as many mile over bad mountain range afore we git down to the open agin, that'll give these fine breeders goss!"

With horses well in hand, we had ridden some little distance, when a loud whoop in our rear proclaimed that the Indians had reached our camp, but whether the demonstration proceeded from disappointment at the destruction of their anticipated prize, or rejoicing at the capture of our companion, the failing light did not permit us to judge. Soon we heard them again in pursuit. Darkness now set rapidly in, but riding, as usual, in Indian file, our horses, accustomed for several weeks to follow the trail, picked it out with the greatest ease. As we came to the end of the prairie, I was delighted to see a full moon rising over the mountains, so that we should now have light to guide us in our flight—a great chance in our favor. Kit had relapsed into his accustomed taciturnity, and beyond paying great attention to the sounds in the rear, by which he seemed to regulate our pace, he betrayed no interest in anything. Knowing that all depended on our horses holding out, as we clattered up the first long slope, I ranged alongside of him, and examined their conditions. My own filly, though pretty heavily weighted, was as yet perfectly fresh, her stride was easy and elastic, and I felt she was warming well to her work. But an unpleasant sensation came over me as I noticed that Kit's chestnut was already bathed in a profuse sweat.

Now that we were fairly in the mountains our real troubles began. Three days since we had crossed this range, and having shortly before made the passage of the great Cannon Creek, a terrific pass, the trail had not appeared more dangerous than usual. But then we had leisure and daylight to aid us; now, the white metallic light of the moon, which brought out in startling distinctness each crag and rocky point it fell upon, left many dangerous bits of our path in deep obscurity, yet we were compelled to pass over them in full career, for our pursuers now began to push us to their utmost. At intervals, above the clatter of our horses' iron-shod hoofs, the mountains behind us echoed with their whoops, and were replied to from the heights around by the peculiar cry of the white owl, proceeding, as we were aware, from red sentinels, who were able to observe each turn of the chase, and thus urged their comrades still to follow. Urged by their wild riders to the top of their speed, the hardy, unshod little mustangs of our enemies scrambled after us over the dangerous trail with a cat-like facility of foothold not possessed by our own cattle. To add to our embarrassments, our third horse now began to show a desire to stray from the trail, and forced us often to lose ground by swerving to head him back again. In fact, it was all we could do to hold our own, and, desperately as our desperate need required it, we pushed on. The steep mountain side, the other day painfully ascended, was now dashed furiously down; the edge of the precipice, usually traversed so gingerly, was spurred fiercely over, unheeding the appeals of our terrified horses, who quivered and snorted in very fear. Without drawing bridle, we spattered through the mountain torrent that ran down the deep gulches, and took flying the smaller streams. When the last weary mountain crest was topped, and we descended again to the wooded plain beneath, I should have felt myself comparatively safe, had it not been for the deplorable condition of our horses. As Kit had foreseen, the mountain range had fearfully tried them. Though my mare, with the instinct of good blood, still answered when I made a call on her, I felt she was getting fast used up; but the chestnut was in a still worse plight: his drooping crest and laboring stride told the extremity of his distress. We had just arrived at the ford of State Creek, a small arm of Rogue River, when Kit's chestnut suddenly staggered, and then plunged headlong to the ground. "Four white legs and a white nose, cut his throat and throw him to the crows!" exclaimed the rider, bitterly repeating the old saw as he vainly endeavored to raise him. Meanwhile, I had ridden forward, and caught the loose horse. Kit mounted him in silence, and together we entered the ford, but just before we reached the opposite bank he dismounted, and standing knee-deep in the water, put his rein into my hand.

"Mate," he said, "we're bound to part comp'ny' if we don't want to go under; take both animals and make tracks for Van Noy; this coon'll look out for hisself, somehow. Good-by t'ye!" And so set off wading down the creek.

I brought my horses to this side in a moment.

"No, no, Kit," I said, deeply touched by his generous proposition; "fight or fly, whichever it is, we'll keep together."

"Don't rile me, young fellar," he replied, in a voice that he vainly endeavored to render harsh, and abandoned for a tone of earnest entreaty. "I tell 'ee we must part now—it can'tbe fixed noways different, That thur light animal ud burst up under my weight long afore we made Rogue River, and yourn ain't got two mile run left in him—he ain't. Now, look h'yar, if yew want to save our skins, take both them animals—it'll throw the Injuns off my trail—and ride hard for Van Noy. Rouse up the boys thar, and tell 'em Kit Butler, from Boonville, 's caged in the timber by State Crick, and the red-skins are out. Guess they'll be out with their shooting-irons, and bring me in right away. Hurrah now, boy!"

A moment's reflection convinced me that Kit's plan was the only one that could possibly save us, but it was with a bitterness of heart such as I had never felt before, that I shook his loyal hand—I could not speak—in token that I bade him farewell. If I acted wrongly in abandoning him, God knows that my own reflections, as I put out on my lonely trail, were almost punishment enough.

But, in reality, Kit's chances of escape were not far from being as good as my own. The plain, especially by the creek, was well wooded, so that our separation took place entirely without the knowledge of the Indians, who, though they would certainly find the foundered chestnut, would naturally conclude that its rider was away on the fresh horse. Neither would they gain any information from the hunter's tracks, for, of course, he had taken the precaution to wade some distance down the creek before he "cached" in the timber, and water leaves no trail. But I could not reason on all this then. I could only remember that I had left the last and best of all my comrades behind me, and that if evil came to him, I should be held accountable. Deeply plunged in such maddening reflections, I had not ridden far when the report of a rifle in my rear almost caused my heart to stand still.

The Indians, then, had discovered Kit's "cache." I pulled up horses, and turned round with the desperate determination of rejoining him at any hazard, when all at once I remembered, in impotent despair, that, with the exception of my bowie knife, I was unarmed. On parting, Kit had taken possession of my rifle and revolver, remarking that, while they might be of use to him, I should ride lighter without them. All a pretext! I saw it now, when too late. The noble-minded fellow had guessed that if I heard him engaged with the Indians, I should return, and had thus taken measures effectually to prevent me. Utterly distracted on making this discovery, I remember little more of my ride to Van Noy Ferry. Though I rode like a madman, I must yet have acted with the soundest discretion. My horse was afterwards found dead about two miles up Applegate Creek, by which the trail ran after leaving State Creek. At that point I must have mounted the second horse and swam the creek, instead of following it up to Rogue River. Then I crossed the country in a north-easterly direction, and thus, by cutting off an angle, considerably shortened the distance. But of all this, I only distinctly remember pricking my horse with mybowie-knife, as the lights of the ferry came into view, till he also gave in and fell, throwing me over his head, and inflicting on me no trifling injuries; and that wet, bruised, and bleeding, but still with the one fixed, irrevocable idea pervading my weakened senses, that Kit was in deadly peril for my sake, and that he must be saved, I burst into the midst of the ferry-men as they sat round their fire in their log hut.

"Kit Butler, from Boonevillle" shouted one of the rough backwoodsmen, the captain of the ferry, in reply to my appeal for help. "By thunder! he's jest my fust cousin; how kim yew to quit, mister, when he war in sich a tarnation fix, eh?"

"Talking won't get him out of it, man," I replied, impatiently; "either come along with me at once to help him, or give me a rifle and fresh horses, and let me do what I can myself."

"We'll go, don't you fear, mister," he said, more graciously; "yon darned red-skins ain't goin' to wipe out the smartest mountain boy in all Oregon, and no 'muss' round! Hy'ar yew—Pete! Dave! Zack! lay hold of your shootin'-irons, boys, and git the animals out of the corral!"

"Ay, ay, Cap!" was the ready response; and with astonishing quickness we were all equipped and mounted on sturdy mustangs, riding hard to the rescue.

As we splashed through Applegate Creek Ford, we heard a shot to the front, followed shortly by another.

"Hurrah, boys!" shouted our leader; "thar goes old Kit! He ain't wiped out jest yet, no how. Guess it'll take a caution o' red-skins to whip him. He'll make 'em see snakes—and black ones at that!"

In a few minutes more we debouched on to the North bank of State Creek, but not an Indian was visible. The noise of our approach had effectually scared them; they had not cared to stand the brunt of a charge of half-a-dozen white men. As we swept up the creek, dear old Kit stepped out of his cover, his hands and face black with powder, and his forehead bleeding, but only from the splinter of a bad cap.

"You're welkim, boy," he said, as we shook hands; "'twar getting hot, though I peppered one or two of the varmints. They got on my trail right smart when yew quit; but they ain't got me this time, I reckon."

Prudence forbade our small party from attempting the mountain passes that night to learn the fate of our comrades, but early the next day we reached Deer Creek.

As we had anticipated, we found the two Germans dead in the creek, where the fatal ambush had been laid for them. Of the artist we could find no traces, but on our return to the ferry, we found him there. Though unhurt, his plight was ludicrously doleful. The Indians had discovered him in the cedar, and it would have fared ill with him but that the sketch of the young Indian was found on his person, drawn so accurately that all his captors recognized it. Believing from this circumstance that he was a great "medicine" man, whom it would be dangerous to injure, they stripped and released him.

A MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE.

Dr. Edward L., who spent some years in Paris, during the reign of Louis Philippe, acquiring a greater proficiency in the art of surgery, met with at least one strange, curious, and exciting adventure, which we now record in his own language:—

"I am naturally as fond of adventure in reality, said the doctor, as most persons are of reading it; and this admission, I trust, will be sufficient explanation of how I so readily became connected with the mysterious affair I am about to relate.

One night, while returning late to my lodgings from a convivial party, where I had drank a good deal of very good wine, as I was sauntering along one of the numerously-named quays of the Seine, not far from the Hotel Dieu—the oldest hospital in Paris, and, by-the-bye, one of the best in the world—as I was sauntering along the quay, I say, humming a tune, and, by way of variety, thinking over some of the stories I had heard of persons being assassinated in this vicinity and thrown into the river which I could see rolling along with me, a woman, cloaked and hooded, brushed past me at a quick step. As I had not heard her till I saw her, and had believed myself alone in that particular locality, I felt my blood quickened with a slight start, and I began to mutter, as I searched for a knife, the only weapon I carried:—

"If you were a man, now, my fine lady, instead of a woman, as you are—God bless the sex collectively—I—"

Here I stopped because she did, wheeling around facing me, and looking as if she were taking my dimensions.

"Five feet nine and a half in boots," said I, the wine making me rather saucy; "in weight, one hundred and fifty-five, dinner included; age, say twenty-five, more or less, generally more; and mighty good-looking for a man of my size."

Here I put my back against a convenient post, and began to whistle, the woman all the time apparently eyeing me closely. Then she came towards me, and said, in a low, sweet voice, at least it appeared to me so then:

"Will monsieur pardon me?"

"Of course I will, mademoiselle, since you don't owe me anything, and are not likely to," said I, thinking myself uncommonly civil, which was all owing to the very good wine I had drank.

"Is monsieur a doctor?"

"I have that honor, mademoiselle."

"A surgeon, monsieur?"

"Not quite equal to Monsieur Blondin, but still a surgeon, at your service."

"Monsieur is an American," she said, perceiving from my accent that I was a foreigner.

"I am," returned I, elevating my head with an air of pride.

"Americans are brave."

"Some of them, mademoiselle?"

"And they are so gallant."

"They possibly have that fault, if fault it is, especially when a pretty woman is in the case."

Here my fair unknown, as if without thinking, so clever was the art, pushed back her hood, and showed me, by the dim light of a neighboring lamp, one of the sweetest, prettiest, most bewitching faces I had ever seen.

"Monsieur is a doctor, surgeon, an American, and a brave and gallant gentleman; therefore monsieur will come with me and save a sufferer's life by his great skill."

"Of course I will," said I, steadying myself by the post, for the wine had somehow been increasing in power over me since leaving my friends. Of course I will, mademoiselle, only too happy to serve such a beautiful creature, 'pon the honor of a Frenchified American gentleman, chirurgien! Pray lead the way, mademoiselle."

"Will monsieur be so kind as to take my arm?"

Monsieur was so kind; monsieur would have done almost anything he had been asked then.

Twenty paces or so brought us to one of the ports leading down to the Seine. My fair unknown descended, and so did I, without asking wherefore. If she had jumped into the water just then, probably I should have jumped in after her. She didn't though, and that probably accounts for my not being a drowned doctor to-day."

Well, as she and I reached the stairs above the wash of the river, a boat rowed by two men shot up to us, and before I exactly comprehended what I was doing, or how it was done, I found myself seated on one of the thwarts, my unknown angel beside me, and the boat rapidly going somewhere, still rowed by the two men.

"Whew!" thought I; "here is an adventure, whether I will or no. Dr. L., you gouty winebibber, you have probably made an ass of yourself, and you are now going to have your throat cut for the little money you are supposed to have; but you haven't got it about your person. Well, it is too late to whine or repine now, and so, not a word!" And not a word did I say, rather liking it than otherwise, all except the murdering part, which I hoped might be a mere fancy of my own, so really fond was I of adventure. We were not many minutes in the river, and during that time we shot along past houses, under bridges, and among river craft with great rapidity, not a word being spoken. Suddenly we ran into a low, dark arch, and soon after came to a step in some place, where, so far as seeing was concerned, I couldn't have told myself from a barrel of ink.

"Not a word, monsieur le doctor; your life depends on it," said a stern whisper in my ear.

"I'm dumb as a post," said I; "more so, if anything. If you hear me speak before you are ready, blow my brains out; that is, what few I have left."

"Silence! You are a brave man, will not be harmed, and will be well paid for your trouble."

"Thank you, all right; and being all right, as Davy Crockett used to express it, go ahead."

This was not all the talk of the wine. I was getting sobered up pretty fast, and almost wished myself safe in bed in my lodgings, but thought it best to carry out my previous *sang froid*.

"A capital surgeon, so far as coolness is concerned," I heard whispered from one to the other.

"Come, follow as I lead, and remember!" said that stern whisper again, and at the same moment a strong hand took hold o mine.

I arose, stepped from the boat to some stairs, went up the stairs, and through a long, narrow passage, and then down some stairs, and through another long, narrow passage, and then up and through, and down and through, till I heartily prayed I might soon get through, and all the time in a darkness that might have been cut with a knife, so to speak, and in silence that death might have been satisfied.

At last we entered an under-ground place that seemed to be a large crypt, as I hastily surveyed it by the light of a flambeau that a masked figure held in his hand. The other masked figures, all in black gowns and dominoes, were standing beside them, and a glance at my guide showed him habited and masked in the same manner. The girl was not present.

"Monsieur le chirurgien," said a stern voice aloud, "swear by your honor as a gentleman, that you will never reveal aught of this night's adventure, of what you have seen, or shall see; of what you have heard, or shall hear; of what you know, or shall know."

"I swear never to make the slightest revelation while I remain in France," I replied.

"Enough. Secret assassination will be the penalty if you break your oath. Now follow us."

I was conducted up stairs, two or three flights, into a small and elegantly-furnished apartment, in the corner of which was a bed, and on the bed a young man, with a face as white as a sheet, and groaning at every breath. One of my serious companions turned down the coverlet, and showed me a leg completely fractured at the knee, evidently by a pistol or musket ball.

"Well, monsieur?" said an anxious voice.

"There is no help for it, the leg must come off," I replied, by this time completely sobered.

"Monsieur will take it off, then."

"I have not the implements with me."

"Here is all monsieur can need."

A complete and beautiful set was produced.

Without another word, I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and proceeded to the work, the masks assisting me. The poor sufferer fainted under the operation. When all was finished, one of the men said to me in a low, anxious tone,

"Will he survive?"

"With careful attention and nursing, I think he will."

"Thanks. Monsieur le doctor will write down all necessary instructions."

Pen, ink, and paper being furnished me, this I proceeded to do. When all was completed, a heavy purse was placed in my hand, and the mask said:

"Monsieur le doctor will not forget his oath."

"Not very likely to, with assassination in prospective," said I.

"Enough. Come!"

I followed my conductor down into the crypt again, and then, in total darkness, was led through a succession of long, narrow passages, alternating with stairs, the same as before, but not ending where I began, for a door was at last thrown open, and I suddenly found myself in a dark, narrow street. I heard a slight click behind me, and on looking around, was surprised to find myself standing alone, beside a church, and only a blank wall, where I expected to see a door, at least. The stones were all alike, as far as I could see, and nothing to indicate an opening of any kind. And yet I had either come through the wall, or else I was dreaming. Was I dreaming? I was not quite sure, though the purse that he had put into my hand felt very heavy.

"Well," thought I, "this will do for one night, at any rate; and now, like the Dutch Burgomaster in the play, I will go home and think."

I was some distance from the Seine, but soon found the river, and in less than half an hour after, my lodgings also, which I reached just as day was breaking.

I went to bed and went to sleep till noon, and then got up and counted my money, fifty napoleons in good, hard, heavy yellow gold.

"Well," said I, "if last night's adventure was a dream, I only hope I may keep dreaming so every night."

But what was all this mystery? What could it mean? Pshaw! why trouble my brain about it, since probably I should never know.?

On taking my breakfast, or dinner, if you choose, at the Cafe de Tortoni, I looked over the columns of Le Moniteur Universal, and soon found myself deeply interested in the details of the assassination of Madame ——, a well-known favorite of the King of the French. Her apartment had been entered by a band of masked assassins, and the lady stabbed in her bed. Her dying screams had brought assistance, but not sufficient to secure the ruffians, all of whom escaped, though one had been shot, and carried off by his companions. One hundred thousand francs reward had been offered for the apprehension and conviction of the ruffians, or any one of them.

"O ho!" said I to myself, "I think I know something."

But I said it only to myself. Neither the King of the French, nor any of his subjects, was ever the wiser by my knowledge. I never heard that either of the assassins was arrested; but to this day, I believe that I was made fifty napoleons the richer for shortening the leg of one of them.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

1. If a man faints, place him flat on his back and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cold water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, a half-pint of sweet oil or lamp oil, or "drippings" or melted butter or lard are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly is to cover it profusely with cobweb or flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spirts, be spry, or the man will be dead in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around near the part, between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, twist it round until the blood ceases to flow, and keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wouud, between the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen the pressure for an instant, until the physician arrives, so to glue up the wound by the coagulation or hardening of the cooling blood.

5. If your clothing takes fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect on the flames; if not extinguished or a great headway is gotten, lie down on the floor, roll over and over, or better, envelope yourself in a carpet, bed-cloth, or any gamrent you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.

6. If a man asks you to go his security, say "No," and run; otherwise you may be enslaved for life, or your wife and children may spend a weary existence, in want, sickness, and beggary.

7. If you find yourself in possession of a counterfeit note or coin, throw it in the fire on the instant; otherwise you may be tempted to pass it, and may pass it, to feel mean therefor as long as you live; then it may fall into some man's hands as mean as yourself, with a new perpetration of iniquity, the loss to fall eventually on some poor struggling widow, whose "all" it may be.

8. Never laugh at the mishaps of any fellow mortal.

9. The very instant you perceive yourself in a passion, shut your mouth; this is among the best precepts outside of inspiration.

10. The man who always exacts the last cent is always a mean man; there is no "evacuant" in all the Materia Medica" efficient enough to "purge" him of his debasement; he is beyond druggery.

11. Never affect to be "plain." or "blunt;" these are the synonyms of brutality and boorishness; such persons are constantly inflicting wounds which neither time nor medicine can ever heal.

12. Never be witty at another's expense; true generosity never dwelt in such a heart; it only wants the opportunity to become a cheat or a rogue.

13. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep.

14. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed, remain there, and eat nothing until you are well.

15. If an action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile drink largely of cold water or hot teas, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up till things are righted; this one suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year, both in city and country.

16. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Gambling in Paris Forty Years ago.—The Hon. George T. who used to arrive from London with a very considerable letter of credit expressly to try his luck at the Salon des Etrangers, at length contrived to lose his last shilling at *rouge et noir*. When he had lost everything he possessed in the world, he got up and exclaimed, in an excited manner, "If I had Canova's Venus and Adonis from Alton Towers, my uncle's country seat, they should be placed on the rouge, for black has won fourteen times running!"

The late Henry Baring was more fortunate at hazard than his countryman, but his love of gambling was the cause of his being excluded from the banking establishment. Colonel Sowerby, of the Guards, was one of the most inveterate players in Paris; and as is frequently the case with a fair player, a considerable loser. But, perhaps, the most incurable gamester amongst the English was Lord Thanet, whose income was not less than fifty thousand pounds a year, every farthing of which he lost at play. Cuthbert dissipated the whole of his fortune in like manner. In fact, I do not remember any instance where those who spent their time in this den, did not lose all they possessed.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHORT STOP, Albany.—"In a game of base ball played last week between the married and single of the Knickerbocker Base Ball Club, there was a player on the 1st base, and one on the 2d base. The one on the 1st base, not seeing that the 2d base was occupied, attempted to make his 2d base; the one on the 2d base seeing that he could make his 3d base more easily than the one from the 1st base could return, started, and reached it. The ball was in advance of him, but he was not touched. The umpire decided him out, on the grounds that he was forced off his base. Was the umpire right in his decision?".....No. The decision was wrong; he was not forced from his base, consequently he should have been touched. Players are only forced from their bases when the striker is running to 1st base, and is not put out, in which case the man on the 1st must vacate it, and likewise those on the 2d and 3d, if all three bases are occupied.

H. C. H., Brooklyn.—"I and my friend are playing at cards. One Jack is missing from the pack. A King is taken from another pack, and marked as a substitute for the missing Jack. During the game, while I am dealing, I offer to bet 25 cents that I will turn a Jack. The card, when turned, is the substitute for the missing Jack. My friend says I have lost. I contend that I have won, and have staked $25 and two bound volumes of the CLIPPER on the result of your decision.".....Your friend loses the wager. The card turned was, to all intents and purposes, for the time being, a Jack, having been marked as such, and so used in the game.

CANINE, Rouses Point.—1. An application of Scotch snuff steeped in gin, will rid your dogs of fleas. Keep the dogs muzzled until washed off. 2. It is the mange, probably. If so, employ the following unguent:—Ung. resin, as much as you please; sulph. sub., enough to make the resin ointment very thick; ol. junip., sufficient to make the unguent of a proper consistency, but not too thin. Apply one day, wash off the next, until thrice repeated. Be sure and rub it well in.

CATCHER, Hartford.—*Base ball.*—Among the rules governing the game of base ball, I see one compelling a player running the bases to return to his base should a fly catch be made. What good reason is there for this, or where is the justice of treating a fly catch different from a bound catch?.....It was put on as a special reward for a fly catch, this being the preferable mode of catching.

REFLECTOR, Reading.—The fault is not with the post-office department. Not having heard from you for such a length of time, we came to the conclusion that you were "not at home," and accordingly stopped sending. Communication received, but as the subject is more of local than general interest at this late day, we omit it.

BULLY IKE, Leesport.—The ox did weigh 850 lbs. and over, therefore B, who bet A that he had not one that would weigh 850 lbs., loses. The objection that it did not weigh 850 lbs. exactly, no more and no less, is a mere subterfuge, that should not be regarded by the stakeholder, and he should hand the money to A.

BROOKLYN.—Has the Atlantic Base Ball Club won more matches than the Excelsiors, taking as an average the same number of games played by each club, or in other words, which has been the most successful, dating from the time the Excelsiors were organized?.....The Excelsiors.

J. A. E., Jr., Cleveland, Ohio.—The letter you speak of remains in our hands, never having been required of us. Perhaps you would succeed better by addressing the gentleman at his permanent residence, Bel Air, Harford county, Maryland.

READER OF CLIPPER, Niles, Mich.—1. We do not know the locality of the factory. 2. We believe that firemen who have not served their time out are not exempt from draft.

H. L., St. Paul, Min.—Our last batch of Australian and New Zealand papers have been destroyed. When next in receipt, will endeavor to bear you in mind.

A. H. J., Muscatine, Ia.—Order one of the many guides to the ball room, of your nearest bookseller, in which you will find the needed information.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Aurora.—1. The "babies" appear to have only a local interest, and are not adapted to our columns, or else we would insert them. 2. We think King's chances are good.

TOOTS, Pittsburgh.—Shall be glad to hear from you, whenever convenient. Do not think that "it is of no consequence."

A CONSTANT READER.—*All fours.*—It is B's turn to beg. Because A was out through a gift, it does not rob B of his privilege.

M. E. C., Washington, D. C.—Our theatrical summary will furnish you the information, in a short time, doubtless.

O. B. C., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Drop a line to O. A. Roorbach, No, 122 Nassau street; he can probably furnish you.

NEMONED, Brooklyn, N. Y.—White checkmates at the completion of his third move. This is the exact meaning.

T. F.—The whereabouts of the party named will be given in our theatrical summary so soon as we are posted.

CRICKET, St. Louis.—Send a three-cent stamp, and we will send the address of a competent party.

H. C., Springfield.—Samuel Sothern, No. 42 Scammell street, N. Y.

J. R., Newport, R. I.—We know of no such work.

NED NUTTING.—Items of that sort will be acceptable.

C. K. Boston.—Cribb and Spring are both dead.

SILVERNAIL, Cincinnati.—See theatrical department.

THE LATE BOAT RACES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—These aquatic events which so recently took place at Philadelphia, in which Ward and his friends were taken down somewhat, and Hamill and his friends correspondingly elevated, are still the subjects of conversation in boating circles, New Yorkers, as a general thing, wondering how it was done, many having come to the conclusion that Hamill must be a regular steamboat, a veritable Monitor, iron clad and iron stuffed at that. "He's one of 'em" and no mistake. We are pained to learn, however, that some of the bitters have been mixed with the sweets of his success out there in Pittsburgh, from whence he hails. The *Chronicle* of that village thinks that he has not been treated generously, and vents its wrath on the supposed evil-doers in the following strain:—

"If report speaks truly, our townsman, Hamill, who won the late sculling match for the championship, has been very shabbily treated by his backers. It is usual in contests of this character, not only to make the winner a present of the stakes, but to give him, besides, a handsome per centage on the winnings in bets; but if our information be correct, and we have it from the best authority, Hamill, notwithstanding the severity of both races in which he was engaged, and the fact that he strained every nerve to land the money of his backers, *received neither stakes nor per centage*, and beyond a beggarly purse of some $200, collected for him after all was over, got nothing worth naming for his trouble. The unparalleled meanness of all this will be best understood when we state that the backers of Hamill, and when we say his backers we mean all who bet on him, admit winning twenty-five thousand dollars. Surely out of all this they might have done better than this by the champion, and raised him at least $1,500. We are sorry to have to refer to this matter at all, but inasmuch as it has been reported abroad that Hamill got the entire stakes and that a purse was made up for him besides, we deem it due to him and to the public that the truth should be known. We should have stated, perhaps, that Hamill's expenses were paid, and he was made a present of the boat in which he won the race; but this was the work of a few only, and does not affect the general charge of meanness in the matter to which those who won upon him, and gave him nothing, or next to nothing, have laid themselves open."

The above strictures, "if report speaks truly," are, perhaps, just to a certain extent; but to include all who bet on him, is piling it on by wholesale, and to a degree we cannot endorse. It is to be hoped, however, that Hamill will be duly rewarded by his friends, and as it is the custom, the whole purse given him, if he has not already been so treated. "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn" is an orthodox adage, and should be observed in sporting as well as other affairs. In the meantime, we would advise Hamill, hereafter, to make his bargain in such a manner as to satisfy himself, before rowing for other men's money. It is the better plan, and not so likely to lead to differences afterwards. It should be remembered, however, that although much is due to him who runs or rows a race, something is also due to those who furnish the sinews, often at great risk, and without whom important sporting events would seldom take place.

THE COMING PUGILISTIC MATCH FOR THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match between Jem Mace, the present Champion of England, and Tom King, his challenger, begins to engross attention, now that the deposits have reached half the amount of the stakes to be fought for. There will be a very general interest felt in this match as the time draws near for its settlement, for it is not improbable that the winner may have to face the American champion, John C. Heenan. Such, at least, is the impression which now prevails both here and in England. We have had no word direct from Heenan, but from those who have conversed with him, we have had hints of what the "Boy" has "in his mind." His engagement with Mr. Howes has some time to run yet, and it is possible that he may be re-engaged, but it is thought another international contest may "eventuate" before Heenan returns to America.

THE LATE ROWING RACES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The result of the recent races for the championship, between James Hamill and Joshua Ward, continue to furnish food for conversation and discussion in sporting circles, but particularly for those who "pull an oar." The defeat which Ward sustained was not anticipated by his friends, although it was thought that Hamill might push him very hard, the ease with which the latter won the single scull race at Boston on the 4th of July leading to that impression. Hamill had the most unbounded confidence in his own abilities, which was shared by his friend and supporter, Mr. Fleming, who never doubted the issue of the match; and although it was the general opinion on the three-mile day that Ward was throwing off, yet this idea was not entertained by Mr. Fleming or his friends, who sought every opportunity to invest their money on Hamill winning the five-mile race. It was certainly obvious to the casual observer, even, that Ward did not pull a telling stroke on the first day; his movements were regular, and it *seemed* as though his immense stroke must finally win, but there was certainly a great lack of power in Ward's pulling when contrasted with that of his opponent, who, from the start, appeared determined to "push the enemy to the wall," with all the vigor and endurance of which he was capable. The young Pittsburgher might make a formidable competitor for Chambers, the Thames champion, or for Green, the Australian champion, now on a visit to England. Should the latter come this way, it is not improbable that he might be accommodated with a match, for our new champion is ambitious, and would not turn from any comer.

GOING IN TO WIN.—Old Abe has got his back up, and is now going in to win. A little of the energy now being exhibited by the government might have crushed the rebellion by this time had it been manifested at the breaking out of the war. But better late than never. Experience is a dear teacher, but a good one, and we hope to see the Union forces "let out." They have been "held in hand" too long. A tight rein might be held on the "newspaper generals," but the practical men should be allowed "to in." Keep our secession-sympathising "critics" out of the lines, and all may yet be well; give them a free pass, however, and the enemy will soon be apprised of our intentions.

A CRICKETER AND A PEDESTRIAN SHOULDER ARMS!—Charles Collis, of Philadelphia, well known to CLIPPER readers as a very fair cricketer, and who has often contributed to these columns in the way of cricket, etc., is now Colonel of the Zouaves d'Afrique, or Gen. Banks' Body Guard, now located in Philadelphia, but expected to be on the field this week. Col. Collis is an able young man, and we wish him success in his new calling. We salute you, Colonel. Young Sport, a fleet-footed pedestrian, and by no means a stranger to CLIPPER readers, is connected with this regiment. A safe return to you both, boys.

BILLIARDS.

THE CALIFORNIA BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

This tournament, previously alluded to by us, was commenced at San Francisco, on July 21, and the result of three nights' play are given below, as taken from the California *Spirit of the Times* of July 26:—

FIRST NIGHT.

The billiard tournament commenced on Monday evening, at Platte's Hall, in the presence of six or seven hundred spectators, who came to see how far Mr. Phelan would beat Mr Lynch, and whether the accommodating and polite Mr. Maher was any match for Jamison, the parties named as the contestants for that evening. A row of good seats had been raised out of the parquet, and the galleries and stage were crowded with ladies, who seemed to take a great interest in the proceedings. A number of officers of the army were present, showing how much affinity exists between the cue and the sword. There was no bar in the house, nor did we see anything that looked "bar"-like, unless it was the Chevalier de "Grizzly," who was an admiring spectator of the scene. But in a private room off the stage, a variety of creature comforts was set out.

The play opened at 8 o'clock, the scorer, Mr. Fitch, announcing that the programme had been somewhat altered, and Mr. Little was to play with Mr. Phelan. The game went off very smoothly, the champion pushing forward at once, and securing a heavy lead. But the superiority of his play soon grew apparent, and he allowed Mr. Little to come up with him, thinking to elude him and beat him out. But the balls broke favorably for Joseph, who played closely every inch of the ground, and finally won the game by seven points and a "spare." The consternation of the spectators was unspeakable, and the congratulations poured on Mr. Little were many, none of them being more hearty than those of Mr. Phelan.

LITTLE.			PHELAN.			LITTLE.			PHELAN.		
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*		*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0	0	12	12		19..	4	226	10	346
2..	18	18	3	15		20..	2	228	4	350
3..	5	23	18	33		21..	7	235	11	361
4..	2	25	53	86		22..	40	275	6	367
5..	16	41	0	86		23..	17	292	31	398
6..	6	47	0	86		24..	18	310	10	408
7..	6	53	2	88		25..	17	327	20	428
8..	7	60	7	95		26..	10	337	5	433
9..	3	63	29	124		27..	29	366	19	452
10..	4	67	43	167		28..	39	405	0	452
11..	18	85	2	169		29..	7	412	8	460
12..	0	85	2	171		30..	0	412	0	460
13..	53	138	15	186		31..	69	481	0	460
14..	0	138	4	190		32..	7	488	2	462
15..	21	159	0	190		33..	2	490	0	462
16..	59	218	97	287		34..	0	490	31	493
17..	4	222	32	319		35..	11	501	0	493
18..	0	222	17	336						

Messrs. Jamison and Maher now followed, but the Buckeye Boy was too many "Columbiads" for his antagonist, and beat him easily. None of the players felt well, the room being full of unburnt gas which escaped and nearly strangled the contestants and the spectators.

SECOND NIGHT.

The play was about to commence, when it was announced that Mr. Eaton's right eye was amiss, and he could not play. So Mr. Phelan and Mr. Lynch agreed to play one thousand up. The first four hundred were hotly contested, Mr. Lynch making a brilliant run of 97, and missing a "game shot" that would have given him 30 more, if he had made it. The game progressed in Mr. Phelan's favor, and towards the last he outfooted his opponent, beating him easily by 213 points in the thousand.

LYNCH.			PHELAN.			LYNCH.			PHELAN.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*		*Shot.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	27	27	0	0		33..	18	429	0	423
2..	0	27	6	6		34..	10	439	9	432
3..	12	39	6	12		35..	7	446	20	452
4..	0	39	26	38		36..	22	468	0	452
5..	4	43	0	38		37..	0	468	20	472
6..	12	55	2	40		38..	30	498	63	535
7..	11	66	13	53		39..	13	511	25	560
8..	16	82	23	76		40..	4	515	0	560
9..	12	94	24	100		41..	0	515	2	562
10..	0	94	3	103		42..	10	525	0	562
11..	21	115	23	126		43..	2	527	2	564
12..	5	120	5	131		44..	2	529	4	568
13..	0	120	0	131		45..	40	569	90	658
14..	7	127	25	156		46..	31	600	44	702
15..	7	134	0	156		47..	12	612	7	709
16..	21	155	60	216		48..	7	619	9	718
17..	33	188	6	222		49..	19	638	15	733
18..	15	203	9	231		50..	23	661	14	747
19..	23	226	7	238		51..	3	664	0	747
20..	4	230	6	244		52..	32	696	32	779
21..	3	233	29	273		53..	0	696	0	779
22..	14	247	5	278		54..	0	696	21	800
23..	4	251	7	285		55..	9	705	20	820
24..	97	348	0	285		56..	65	770	49	869
25..	7	355	0	285		57..	14	784	61	930
26..	4	359	15	300		58..	0	784	0	930
27..	7	366	27	327		59..	0	784	19	949
28..	15	381	30	357		60..	0	784	5	954
29..	3	384	9	366		61..	0	784	6	960
30..	4	388	0	366		62..	0	784	35	995
31..	21	409	57	423		63..	0	784	3	998
32..	2	411	0	423		64..	3	787	4	1002

THIRD NIGHT.

This evening a six-handed match between Messrs. Phelan, Little and Maher, against Messrs. Lynch, Eaton and Jamison, was announced. As Mr. Maher did not make his appearance till the game was nearly over, Mr. Little and the Chief had alternately to fill his place. Mr. Jamison made the greatest runs of all the players in the tournament, scoring 131 points on one run, and 106 in another. He seems to have the art of "nursing" reduced to a matter of option. We subjoin the score of this evening's play, in a very incomplete shape, owing to the absence of Maher, which caused a confusion in the rotation of play. So the total amount of points made by each one is enumerated in the table below, which is the only score we can give:—

Lynch	295	Phelan	317
Eaton	161	Little	306
Jamison	354	Maher, nine runs	104
Total	750	Total	727

LITTLE VS. LYNCH.—A return match at billiards for $1,000, between these California players, took place at San Francisco, on July 31. Considerable betting at about evens, was done, there and thereon. After a close game, Little won again by three points only. The following are the principal scores made by the respective parties:—Little, 55, 54, 56, 112, and 52. Lynch, 66, 99, 72, 73, and 116.

BALL PLAY.

THE MUTUAL CLUB ON A TOUR.—The first nine of this club, with a numerous party of friends, arrived at the Walnut street depot, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, from New York, and on Tuesday were to begin playing with the Adriatic club of that city. On Wednesday they play the Olympics, and on Thursday the Adriatics. All these matches will be played at Camac's Woods, on the St. George cricket ground. Our reporter will be present, and next week we shall give detailed reports of each game.

A GRAND MATCH IN NEWARK.

EUREKA VS. MUTUAL.—The first match between these crack clubs, the former of Newark, and the latter of New-York, took place on the grounds of the Newark club, of Newark, on Thursday, Aug. 21st, which, after a close and exciting game of ten innings, resulted in the success of the Mutuals by a score of 14 to 13.

The Mutuals went there minus the services of Bogart, their 3d base man, and Burns, their regular pitcher, and therefore, were anything but confident of success; but if any one thing has been proved this season in regard to base ball, it has been its glorious uncertainty, and in a measure relying upon this, they visited Newark, hoping for the best, though prepared for the worst. And, by the way, there is a great deal of good attached to this latter quality. But few clubs are prepared for the worst, and on that account alone they frequently become worsted. Now the Mutuals have been training themselves this season to bear with defeat gracefully, and they have learned to do it in right good style. Last season they were so successful against all comers, not even excepting the Atlantics, that when they were beaten they did not know what to say about it, or how to receive their drubbing with that good humor which should always mark a well beaten nine. This season they do, and hence the victory they obtained where they anticipated defeat only, made them the happier, and a jollier set no one ever saw than the Mutuals were on Thursday evening. The contest opened very unfavorably for the Mutuals, the score at the close of the 2d innings being 8 to 1, the Eurekas being in the majority. From this time forth, however, they began to pull up well; they scored 10 to their opponents' 2, the score at the close of the 5th innings standing 11 to 10, the Mutuals having the lead. Now commenced the fight in right good earnest, both parties fielding well, and both contesting each point with vigor. In the 6th innings the score stood 13 to 11, the Eurekas having regained the lead, but in the 7th it was a tie game, and so continued in the 8th and 9th. The 10th innings was then commenced, and the Eurekas being again put out for nothing, the Mutuals felt sure of the game, but still it was trembling in the balance, two players being out and one at 3d base, when the last striker was at the bat. At this point of the game, some disturbance in the crowd called the attention of the catcher and pitcher from the game, and that sly old fox, Brown, seeing a chance for a "point," ran in, thus winning the game by strategy, as it were, amidst the loud huzzas of the crowd.

Take this match altogether, it was unquestionably one of *the* games of the season. Certainly none have been more closely contested in the last four or five innings than this was, or few better played as regards fielding. The first and second bases were finely played on both sides, Littlewood's play at 1st and Brown's at second being tip-top. Plum also attended to 3d base well, but Gavigan was not Bogart by any means, although he made two or three good plays at 3d base. The short stopping of Thomas was quite a feature of the game, his fielding in putting out Gavigan on the fly on the 6th innings, and in running out Harris on the 9th was beyond praise, and elicited well deserved applause. Dewey also did well in this position on the Mutual side. The out-fielding on both sides was about equal, several good catches being made by both parties. In the pitching and catching departments both sides did well, but Linen's pitching was the most effective. Several very fine tips were well taken care of by both Brientnall and Wansley, and the bases were closely watched. The umpire had an arduous duty to perform, several very close points occurring in the game, but he did his duty impartially, and satisfactorily to all but the betting fraternity who lost, and the club followers who never see anything good in aught that goes against their club. Our full score gives every particular, and to that we now refer:—

BATTING.

EUREKA.	H.	L.	RUNS.	MUTUAL.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Oliver, 1 f	2		3	Brown, 2d b	3		3
Thomas, s s	6		1	Gavigan, 3d b	5		1
Linen, p	4		2	Mott, r f	1		1
Burroughs, r f	2		2	Ward, 1st b	3		2
Littlewood, 1st b	2		2	Wansley, c	3		2
Fartoute, 2d b	4		0	Dewey, s s	3		2
Brientnall, c	3		1	Harris, p	3		2
Callaway, c f	4		1	McMahon, c f	4		1
Plum, 3d b	3		1	Taylor, l f	5		0
Total	13			Total	14		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	
Eureka	4	4	1	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	—13
Mutual	0	1	3	3	4	0	2	0	0	1	—14

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.		Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Oliver	1	0	0	1	Brown	1	0	2	3
Thomas	1	3	0	4	Gavigan	0	1	0	1
Linen	3	0	0	3	Mott	0	4	0	4
Burroughs	0	0	0	0	Ward	1	1	6	8
Littlewood	0	0	8	8	Wansley	1	3	1	5
Fartoute	1	1	2	4	Dewey	0	2	0	2
Brientnall	0	4	0	4	Harris	0	0	0	0
Callaway	0	2	0	2	McMahon	1	4	0	5
Plum	0	3	0	3	Taylor	1	0	0	1
Totals	6	13	10	29	Totals	5	15	9	29

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Foul
Oliver	0	1	1	0	0	0
Thomas	1	3	1	0	0	1
Linen	0	1	1	1	0	0
Burroughs	0	2	0	0	0	0
Littlewood	1	0	0	0	0	1
Fartoute	1	1	2	0	0	0
Brientnall	0	0	1	0	2	
Callaway	0	2	1	0	0	1
Plum	0	2	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	12	6	2	0	5

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Foul
Brown	1	2	0	0	0	0
Gavigan	1	2	2	0	0	0
Mott	0	0	1	0	0	0
Ward	0	1	1	0	0	1
Wansley	1	0	1	0	0	1
Dewey	2	0	1	0	0	0
Harris	0	0	1	0	0	1
McMahon	0	1	0	1	0	1
Taylor	0	2	1	1	0	1
Totals	5	8	8	2	0	4

Passed balls—Brientnall, 2; Wansley, 4.
Fly catches missed—Thomas, 1; Mott, 1; Gavigan, 1; Dewey, 1.
Bound catches missed—Thomas, 2; Burroughs, 1; Linen, 1; Wansley, 1; McMahon, 1; Gavigan, 1.
Run out between bases—Linen, by Brown; Harris, by Thomas.
Put out at home base—Plum, by Wansley.
Left on bases—Mott, 3; Oliver, 1; Burroughs, 2; Littlewood, 2; Fartoute, 2; Brientnall, 2; Callaway, 1; Plum, 1.
Time of game—2 hours 30 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. W. Brown, of the Eckford club.
Scorers—Messrs. Dawson and McConnell.

BROOKLYN VS. FAVORITA.—The match between these clubs, played on the Union grounds, Aug. 21, resulted as follows:—

BATTING.

FAVORITA.	H.	L.	RUNS.	BROOKLYN.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Seungene, c	2		5	Robbins, c	2		3
Chichester, 1st b	1		3	Byrns, 3d b	5		2
Gross, c f	7		0	Bartlett, 2d b	4		2
Allen, s s	4		3	Dowxberry, 1st b	3		3
Cooper, 2d b	4		2	Burr, p	3		2
A. Kalbfleisch, p	2		4	Yates, l f	3		3
Sutton, r f	6		0	Truslow, s s	3		3
F. Kalbfleisch, l f	3		4	Brown, c f	3		3
Titus, 3d b	1		6	Tapple, r f	3		2
Total	27			Total	23		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	
Favorita	2	4	5	0	0	4	2	5	1	4	—27
Brooklyn	2	0	1	3	2	3	2	2	8	0	—23

Scorers—for Favorita, Mr. Buckman; for Brooklyn, Mr. Renfield.
Umpire—Mr. Rowe, of the Harlem club.

ECKFORD VS. NEWARK.—The third contest between these clubs, laid over from last season, took place on the neutral grounds of the Gotham club, at Hoboken, on Tuesday, August 19th, the result being a decided victory for the Eckfords, who were out in full force, and in admirable trim for the occasion. The Newarkers, on the contrary, did not have the useful services of either Mills, Wilson, or Garthwaite, and this rather dampened their ardor, for they did not play by any means with their accustomed ability. In the opening of the game, the Eckfords scored 6 to their opponents 0, and at the close of the first part of the 5th innings, the score stood 19 for the Eckfords to 5 for Newark, but in their 5th innings the latter batted in fine style, and scored 9 runs, but after this brilliant dash they only scored 5 more runs in the last four innings, to the Eckfords' 16, thus losing by the score of 35 to 19.

Of the play on the occasion, of the Eckfords we have to notice fine batting and good pitching by Mills; good base play and first-rate batting by Wood and Reach; good fielding and batting by Spence and Manolt; capital fielding by McKinstry, who was unlucky at the bat; and good batting and fielding in their positions by Campbell and Devyr. McKinstry made two beautiful fly-catches; Manolt two good ones; Campbell, Reach, Mills, and Devyr also did well in this respect. Home runs were scored in good style by Spence, Wood, Manolt, Campbell, and Mills. Beach also played finely as catcher. On the part of Newark, Osborne's catching and Stout's pitching were very good, and the bases were well attended to by Heinisch, Eaton, and Terrell. Quimby, at short field, also made several good plays, but was not up to his usual mark; neither was Lewis, at left field, or Conway, the latter playing very loose indeed. Coleman did well at right field, and batted first-rate, as did Eaton, Osborne, and Terrell; Osborne getting a home run: Lewis also did the same. Stout, while at centre field, marked his play with a splendid fly catch, the best of the game.

Grum began play with the Eckford nine, but was forced to retire, from a sprained knee, Spence taking his place. The duties of umpire were thoroughly discharged by Mr. E. Brown, of the Mutuals, who had several close points to consider. The game was not as interesting as was expected. The score is as follows:

BATTING.

ECKFORD.	H.	L.	RUNS.	NEWARK.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Mills, p	1		6	Conway, c f	3		2
Manolt, l f	4		4	Coleman, r f	3		3
Campbell, 1st b	4		3	Stout, p	4		1
Spence, r f	2		4	Quimby, s s	5		0
Beach, c	3		3	Heinisch, 1st b	3		2
Wood, 2d b	2		5	Lewis, l f	3		2
Devyr, s s	3		4	Eaton, 3d b	2		3
Reach, 3d b	2		5	Osborne, c	2		3
McKinstry, c f	6		1	Terrell, 2d b	2		3
Total	35			Total	19		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eckford	6	1	1	7	4	6	6	1	3	—35
Newark	0	4	0	1	9	1	1	3	0	—19

Passed balls—Osborn, 6; Beach, 7.
Home runs—Manolt, 1; Wood, 1; Campbell, 1; Spence, 1; Mills, 1; Osborne, 1; Lewis, 1.
Fly catches missed—Manolt, 1; Reach, 1; Lewis, 2; Conway, 1; Terrell, 1.
Bound catches missed—Eaton, 1; Lewis, 1; Osborne, 1.
Bound catches made—Manolt, 2; Spencer, 2; Beach, 2; Devyr, 2; Beach, 1; Manley, 2; Eaton, 3; Heinisch, 2; Osborne, 1; Conway, 1; Stout, 2.
Times left on bases—Conway, 1; Stout, 1; Quimby,, 1; Heinisch, 1; Mills, 1; Campbell, 1; Beach, 1; Spence, 1.
Put out at home base—Osborne and Quimby, by Mills; Conway, by Beach.
Fly catches made—Eaton, 3; Osborne, 2; Terrell, 1; Stout, 1; Lewis, 1: Reach, 1; Campbell, 1; Manolt, 2; McKinstry, 2; Mills, 1; Devyr, 1.
Time of game—3 hours and 30 minutes.
Put out on foul balls—Newarks, 3 times; Eckfords, 6 times.
Umpire—E. Brown, of the Mutual club.
Scorers—Messrs. McAuslan and Gore.

NEW YORK VS. BOSTON.—On Saturday, Aug. 16th, the Champion base ball club, of N. Y., paid a flying visit to Boston and played a match with the Active club, of that city, on Monday, Aug. 18th, on Boston Common. The score was as follows:—

BATTING.

ACTIVE.	H.	L.	RUNS.	CHAMPION.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Moody, 1st b	5		0	Watson, s	2		4
Lambertson, s	3		2	Reynolds, c	4		2
Neaffiee, l f	4		1	Wood, 2d b	4		2
Sillman, 3d b	3		2	Rodgers, 1st b	3		3
Thornton, p	3		1	Wilson, 3d b	3		1
McClare, c f	2		3	Schanck, p	2		3
Billing, r f	3		1	Van Cleff, l f	3		2
Anthony, c	2		2	Mortimer, c f	3		2
Close, 2d b	2		2	Chambers, r f	3		0
Total	14			Total	19		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Active	3	0	2	4	2	1	0	2	0	—14
Champion	0	2	1	2	3	4	3	1	3	—19

The playing of Barclay, Watson, Schanck and George Wood, was especially commendable. The Champions missed the services of James Purdy, as pitcher, very much. He is now at the seat of war with the 71st Regiment. Lambertson and McClure, of the Actives, played very well. The scorers were: for the Active, E. Duncan; for the Champion, C. DeLacy. Umpire, Mr. Thorn. The Champions arrived home on Tuesday morning, very well pleased with their visit.

BASE BALL AT SARATOGA.—A match at base ball was played there on the 16th inst., between the first nines of the Wide Awake club, of Green Island, and the Saratoga club, the score of which we here append:—

BATTING.

SARATOGA CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.	WIDE AWAKE CLUB.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Barry, p	3		4	Anderson, 3d b	3		2
Leggett, 2d b	1		5	Baker, 1st b	4		1
Fuller, c f	6		1	Forrester, r f	3		2
Morey, l f	2		5	Worden, c	5		1
Harden, s s	3		4	Stuart, p	4		1
Bockes, 3d b	2		5	Aird, 2d b	3		2
Benedict, c	2		5	Tasker, c f	1		3
Coleman, r f	4		2	Thompson, l f	1		2
Andrews, 1st b	4		2	Lawton, s s	3		2
Total	33			Total	15		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Saratoga	2	1	3	2	7	4	5	9

only average scores being obtained against the effective bowling of H. Wright and Creighton, shooters being very numerous. Ashwell, Martin, Draper, Garrett and Crocket all batted well for their scores, the latter carrying his bat out after a good defence of his wicket. The second innings of the St. George yielded them but 43 runs, the bowling of O'Brien being first class, and Martin also bowled effectively. Several excellent catches were made in this innings, more particularly one by Ashwell, at point. G. Wright again made a good stand, scoring 9 by first rate play, not one of the others making even average scores. The fielding was very good, and the play generally, an improvement on that of the previous day.

In the second innings of the Boston eleven, O'Brien took the lead, scoring 15 in right good style, a hit to leg for 6 being the most prominent hit of the match. He was missed by Ford once off George Wright. Alline carried his bat out for 9, well obtained by good batting and good judgment in running. Jasper's 8 were similarly well-made. Draper batted creditably for 9, too, and Garrett for 4. Altogether, the play of the second day was a decided improvement on that of the first, on the part of Boston. The last wicket of the Bostonians fell when their score had reached 98, they thus lacking 12 runs of being successful. The match was played in the true spirit of cricket, and was a source of pleasure to all parties concerned.

We intended to warn the Bostonians of one of their visitors, the notorious reportorial "What Is It?" a little, fat, pussy, dark-faced Englishman, who "professes" to be the only individual that knows anything about cricket in this country. He is attached to no paper, and is a regular sponge and a "dead beat." He is played out here, and so visits strange places where he is not generally known. The score is as follows:—

ST. GEORGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Waller b Martin	8	b O'Brien	2
H. Wright b Martin	7	b O'Brien	5
Ford b Martin	6	b Martin	4
Creighton b O'Brien	10	c Alline b O'Brien	3
Currie b O'Brien	0	b Martin	3
G. Wright c Draper b Martin	23	c Roddick b O'Brien	9
Kendall b O'Brien	12	c O'Brien b Martin	1
Hobbs b Martin	4	c Ashwell b Martin	0
Bage not out	9	c Roddick b O'Brien	1
Tilt b Draper	0	b Martin	1
Vanderlip b O'Brien	5	not out	0
Byes 19, leg byes 6, wides 3	28	Byes 5, leg bye 1, wides 8	14
Total	112	Total	43

BOSTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Joslin c Waller b Creighton	0	c Waller b Creighton	8
Alline b Creighton	0	not out	9
Barron b H. Wright	1	b H. Wright	1
Ashwell b H. Wright	7	b Creighton	3
Draper b Creighton	6	b Creighton	9
Roddick c Vanderlip b H. Wright	0	run out	2
Crocket not out	6	b Creighton	1
Garrett b H. Wright	5	c Ford b G. Wright	6
Davis b Creighton	0	run out	4
Martin c Creighton b H Wright	7	b G. Wright	3
O'Brien b Creighton	0	c Kendall b G. Wright	15
Byes 11, leg bye 1, wide 1	13	Byes 24, leg byes 4 wides 10	38
Total	45	Total	98

CRICKET AT PHILADELPHIA.—A cricket match was played on the grounds of the Germantown club, on the 11th inst., between the employees of Charles Spencer, hosiery manufacturer, of Germantown, and those of Henry Distans, saw manufacturer, of Philadelphia; the score of which we here append:—

SPENCERS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
R Cupit b E Davenport	5	b E Davenport	2
S Malatrat c Gladdall b Bennett	4	b E Davenport	0
C Steir run out	22	c Walker b E Davenport	17
J Malatrat l b w b T Davenport	2	b E Davenport	0
J Winters b E Davenport	2	b T Davenport	31
G Brewin b E Davenport	1	run out	4
C Lowe b T Davenport	2	not out	2
G Bannister not out	7	hit wkt b T Davenport	2
T Cooley b T Davenport	1	st J Marsden b E Davenport	0
S Townsend c Higginton b T Davenport	0	st J Marsden b E Davenport	0
C Pratt run out	0	st J Marsden b E Davenport	0
Byes 2, leg bye 1	3	Byes	2
Total	49	Total	61

DISTANS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
E Davenport run out	0	c Malatrat	9
T Distans c S Malatrat b Steer	0	b Steir	0
T Gladdall b Steer	0	b Winters	1
E Roads b Steer	6	c S Malatrat b Steer	4
W Barnett run out	8	b Winters	0
T Davenport b Steer	4	b Steer	0
J Marsden b Winter	8	not out	1
J Higginbottom run out	8	c and b Winters	14
W Walker not out	10	b Winters	5
J Schell b Steer	1	run out	0
J Hope c Howe b Winter	2	c S Malatrat b Steer	0
Bye 1, leg byes 6, wides 4	11	Bye 1, leg bye 1	2
Total	58	Total	36

CRICKET AT AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—A cricket match of considerable local interest, took place there on the 18th inst., between the Amsterdam and Troy clubs, it being the return match between them. The Amsterdamers were victorious, as below recorded:—

AMSTERDAM.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Vinez b Crow	7	run out	8
Nevans b Crow	0	l b w b ——	11
Young c Adams b Crow	0	l b w b ——	24
Reeves b Crow	8	c Brooks b Crow	15
Warwick b Cooper	0	b Crow	2
Woodhead b Cooper	5	b Crow	0
Holmes b Crow	6	b Crow	2
Fagan st Woods b ——	12	b Crow	4
Burke b Adams	5	run out	2
Neff not out	4	b Cooper	13
Jackson st Woods b ——	0	not out	7
Byes, wides, &c.	7	Byes, &c.	20
Total	54	Total	108

TROY—First Innings.

Crow not out	0	Adams b Nevans	0
Corpse l b w b ——	4	Hartley l b w b ——	2
Harrison c Jackson b ——	0	Pratt c Loring b ——	0
Woods b Jackson	7	Phillips not out	0
Frost c Neff b ——	5	Byes, &c.	39
Brooks b Reeves	4		
Morris c Neff b ——	0	Total	61

In the second innings of Troy, Frost scored (b Nevans) 7, Crow, Corpse, Woods, and Pratt, were put out for round 0's, five wickets falling for 22, 15 of which were extras. Shocking mamma. We don't wonder at their giving the matter up as hopeless at this stage. We must decline publishing a score in future unless properly filled out. The bowler's name should be in those places we have marked with a dash.

CRICKET IN ENGLAND.—Annexed are the scores of two first class cricket matches. The first between Surrey and the North of England, played Aug. 4 and 5, which the latter won by 10 wickets. In 1857 Surrey won by six wickets; in 1858, by 53 runs; and in 1859 by two wickets. In 1860, the North won by one innings and 14 runs; and in 1861, Surrey won by 92 runs, making four times out of six for the county. Bad bowling beat the county this year. The second score is of a match between the old cricket counties of Kent and Sussex, played July 31 and Aug. 1, the latter winning by three wickets:—

SURREY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W Mortlock c Carpenter b Wootton	4	c Daft b Wootton	14
J Cæsar c Tinley b Jackson	0	c Carpenter b Wootton	0
H H Stephenson c Tarrant b Hayward	67	b Tarrant	37
W Caffyn b Jackson	12	b Wootton	5
E Dowson c Carpenter b Jackson	0	b Wootton	0
T Humphrey c Carpenter b Tinley	32	st Rowbotham b Tinley	10
G Griffith b Tinley	3	b Wootton	43
T Lockyer c Daft b Tinley	14	not out	0
H Jupp not out	11	c Anderson b Tarrant	1
F P Miller b Tinley	0	c and b Tinley	0
T Sewall st Rowbt'hm b Tinley	7	b Tarrant	0
Leg bye	1	Byes 7, leg byes 4	11
Total	151	Total	121

NORTH OF ENGLAND.

J Grundy c Lockyer b Miller	10	R Iddison c and b Griffith	9
J Rowbotham c Lockyer b Griffith	2	J Jackson c and b Griffith	0
R Daft l b w b Miller	13	G Tarrant l b w b Miller	5
R Carpenter not out	91	R C Tinley c Caffyn b Griffith	56
T Hayward st Lockyer b Griffith	4	G Wootton b Griffith	11
G Anderson c Miller b Humphrey	57	Byes 4, leg byes 3, wide 1	8
		Total	266

In the second innings of North of England, Rowbotham scored (not out) 3, Tarrant (not out) 3, bye 1. Total 7.

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

Surrey—First innings: Wootton bowled 96 balls, 34 runs, 10 maidens, 1 wicket; Tinley 70 balls, 50 runs, 2 maidens, 5 wickets; Jackson 64 balls, 31 runs, 4 maidens, 3 wickets; Hayward 48 balls, 35 runs, 3 maidens, 1 wicket.—Second innings: Wootton bowled 156 balls, 45 runs, 17 maidens, 5 wickets; Tinley 56 balls, 35 runs, 3 maidens, 2 wickets; Jackson 92 balls, 30 runs, 10 maidens; Tarrant 8 balls, 2 runs, 1 maiden, 3 wickets.

North of England—First innings: Caffyn bowled 8 balls, 2 runs, 1 maiden; Griffith 184 balls, 82 runs, 12 maidens, 6 wickets; F. P. Miller 112 balls, 68 runs, 7 maidens, 3 wickets; H. H. Stephenson 44 balls, 25 runs, 4 maidens; Sewell 24 balls, 19 runs, 2 maidens; Humphrey 84 balls, 49 runs, 3 maidens, 1 wicket; Lockyer 12 balls, 12 runs.—Second innings: Griffith bowled 1 ball; F. P. Miller 4 balls, 6 runs.

KENT.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Fryer c John Lillywhite b Stubberfield	3	b James Lillywhite	18
Willsher c Payne b Stubberfield	37	c Fillery b Wells	0
Bennett c James Lillywhite	6	c Wells b James Lillywhite	18
G Kelson c Wells b Stubberfield	3	c Ellis b Stubberfield	0
Goodhew b James Lillywhite	1	c Ellis b Jas Lillywhite	70
H B Biron b Jas Lillywhite	14	c Hall b Wells	1
E Stuart b Stubberfield	9	c Hodson b Jas Lillywhite	1
W H Barber not out	12	c Fillery b Stubberfield	8
Baker c James Lillywhite b Stubberfield	0	b Jas Lillywhite	0
J Wells c Stubberfield b Jas Lillywhite	3	c Wells b John Lillywhite	10
Capt Knight run out	0	not out	1
Byes, &c.	0	Leg byes	5
Total	88	Total	132

SUSSEX.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
John Lillywhite c Fryer b Willsher	13	c Bennett b Fryer	3
J Dean, Jr, c Willsher b Baker	12	b Fryer	0
W Hodson c Bennett b Willsher	38	run out	7
G Wells c and b Kelson	29	not out	32
J H Hall c Barber b Kelson	0	c Baker b Fryer	0
Ellis b Willsher	9	c Bennett b Willsher	40
Fillery b Fryer	15		
C Payne b Willsher	0	not out	12
Anscombe c Kelson b Fryer	0	b Fryer	2
James Lillywhite, Jr, not out	0	c Goodhew b Willsher	0
Stubberfield b Willsher	0		
Byes 4, leg bye 1, wide 3	8	Wide	1
Total	124	Total	97

SOLDIER CRICKETERS.—On the grounds of the St. George Club, Philadelphia, an interesting cricket match is to take place on the first of September, between eleven cricketers belonging to Col. Collis's regiment of Zouaves d'Afrique, and eleven players from the various Philadelphia clubs. The band of the regiment will be in attendance, and, should the weather prove favorable, a capital day's amusement may be looked for. Col. Collis is an excellent cricketer himself, and in performing a duty for the country, he does not neglect to provide recreation and amusement for his soldiers, while instructing them in the "art of war."

TORONTO VS. MAPLE LEAF.—A match was played on Tuesday, Aug. 19th, on the grounds of the Toronto Cricket Club, between the Toronto and Maple Leaf Clubs, the latter having eighteen bats the first innings, and fourteen the second, against eleven of the former. The match resulted in the defeat of the Maple Leaf Club by 147, the score in both innings being:—Toronto, 269; Maple Leaf, 122.

THE TURF.

A TROT ON FASHION COURSE.—On Thursday, August 21st, a trot came off on the Fashion track, between D. Mace's s. g. Royal Charley, C. Whitson's g. g. Dilly Wilkins, and the brown gelding Victor. The race was for a purse and stake of $200, mile heats, best 3 in five. The real competition was between Billy Wilkins and Royal Charley, as Victor was not able to travel with either of them, and after coming in third for three heats, was withdrawn on the fourth. Royal Charley won the first heat after a close struggle with Billy Wilkins, from the start to the finish, in 2 min. 43 seconds. The latter turned the tables upon his opponent in the second heat, which he won by a length and a half, in 2 min. 42½ seconds. The result of this heat placed the grey in the advance in the betting pools, but his backers were doomed to disappointment, as the sorrel won the third and fourth heats and the purse, in 2 min. 48¾ seconds, and 2 min. 42½ seconds.

SUMMARY.

THURSDAY, August 21.—Purse and stake, $200, mile heats, best three in five.

D Mace entered s g Royal Charley, in harness....1 2 1 1
C Whitson entered g g Billy Wilkins, to wagon....2 1 2 2
Owner entered b g Victor, to wagon....3 3 3 dr
Time:—2:43; 2:42½; 2:48¾; 2:42¼.

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—On Friday, August 22d, another trot came off over this course, the contestants being b. g. Senator Bradley, entered by Hiram Woodruff; g. g. Puff Puff, entered by D. Mace; and the black stallion Joe Crocheron, entered by D. Tallman. The trot was for a purse of $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness. Previous to the start the black stallion was the favorite in the betting, but during the race he made but a poor show to back this apparent confidence, as he was badly beaten in each heat. The grey gelding Puff Puff, appeared to be the second favorite, while Senator Bradley was not considered in any manner as a dangerous customer, notwithstanding which, he won the purse in three straight heats, in gallant style.

In the first heat, after some little scoring, they got the word to an even start, but the bay gelding, Bradley, soon took the lead, which he kept during the entire heat, not even being brushed for it, excepting at one period when he swung round the home stretch, at which point Puff Puff went up to him, but it was of no use, as the Senator had the bottom and the trot in him, and came over the score a winner by half a length in 2:42. Joe Crocheron, the favorite, was nearly distanced.

The second and third heats were attended with a similar result, the only difference being that the bay gelding won them with greater ease, and by a longer distance, Puff Puff continuing to be second, with the black stallion a poor third. We append the summary:—

FRIDAY, August 22,—Purse $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness,
B Woodruff entered b g Senator Bradley....1 1 1
D Mace entered g g Puff Puff....2 2 2
D Tallman entered blk s Joe Crocheron....3 3 3
Time, 2:42; 2:41½; 2:40¼.

ETHAN ALLEN VS. ROBERT FILLINGHAM.—The race for $5,000 a side, between these celebrated stallions, is creating considerable talk and excitement as the time approaches for the trial to take place. Not much is doing in the way of betting as yet, but with those who have wagered, Ethan Allen has slightly the call. This is not to be wondered at, when Ethan's brilliant record is taken into consideration.

BONNER AMONG THE PHILISTINES.—It is said that Mr. Bonner's grey mare Peerless has recently "knocked the spots" out of all previous trotting performances, not even excepting those made by that world-renowned piece of horse-flesh, Flora Temple. Hiram Woodruff has recently driven Peerless one mile, to a wagon, in 2:23¼, which surpasses Flora's best time—2:25—by one and three-quarter seconds. Peerless has trotted two miles to wagon in the wonderful time of 4:59¼, which is faster by seven and a half seconds, than any previous time on record.

TROTTING AT LOWELL, MASS.—The trot for a sweepstakes of $150, between Rocky Mountain, named by Mr. Bickford, of Boston, and Brown Dick, by Mr. Morrison, of the same place, took place at the Agricultural Park, on the 3d inst., and was witnessed by a fair attendance of spectators. Rocky Mountain won the pole, but broke badly on the first heat, and was beaten by Brown Dick in 2:37, who also won the second heat by a neck in 2:42¼. Rocky, however, was not to be bluffed in that manner, and on the third heat overhauled Dick, and arrived at the stand half a length ahead, in 2:44. He also won the fourth and fifth heats, in 2:44 and 2:45, and was awarded the stakes.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

WEEHAWKEN.—This suburb of New York, though located in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our overheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who cross the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that the affable ED. WILSON has re-opened his cozy little retreat there, called "THE RUINS," just to the left of the road ascending the hill from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson River may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or mint julep, cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can take an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place being always in fix. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

QUOITING.—The Quoit Shades, 273 Spring Street, will open for the Quoiting world, on Saturday, May 17, 1862, under the command of the Old Fireman, Soldier, and Quoit Player,

CAPT. TIM WATERS.

The Ground has soft clay ends, and the Captain respectfully asks the patronage of his friends. [6-3m] T. WATERS.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 159.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Miss Amy Sedgwick has volunteered her services for the dramatic entertainment that is to be given at Manchester, about the first week in September, for the benefit of distressed operatives.

MISCELLANEOUS.

John W. Whiston, the humorist, has done well in Palmyra and Clyde, and is now among the towns on the Binghamton Road, such as Homer, Courtlandt, etc., with his olio of oddities.

Temperance Temple, Baltimore, is at present the scene of much excitement in relation to William Ellinger's two little men, Com. Foote and Col. Small. W. E. claims that P. T. Barnum has refused to accept a challenge (no matter for how much) that he, the said W. E. could show the smallest men alive, and that he, the said P. T. B., is very naughty for advertising that *he* can show "the two smallest men ever known" and "the smallest man alive." W. E. gives these statements a downright denial, and claims that Com. Foote and Col. Small are the greatest diminutives now living. No doubt the entire affair is "all right." There is also a "flank movement" in this affair, for we are informed that the last named "little 'uns" are soon to leave for California, Australia, and England. Let the Great Eastern be chartered for them.

The Webb Sisters, Emma and Ada, are on a tour in Ohio, and were at the Athenæum, Columbus, on the 15th.

"Toby Twinkle," writing from Worcester, Mass., on the 22d, says:—Perham is busy in this vicinity running excursion trains, two or three a week, to Providence and "down the river." Cutting & Co.'s "Mirror of the Rebellion" was at Mechanics' Hall all last week, but failed to draw as well as it deserved.

Professor Harrington, the ventriloquist, closed his engagement at the Boston Museum on the 23d, and left for the "mountings" of the North, as soon as possible, accompanied by his agent, E. M. Leslie. As the Professor is a 225 lb. ticket, he could not stand the hot weather any longer.

J. Heneage Carter's "Curiosity Show," including the Santa Fe Giant, etc., is now at Puerto Principe, Cuba. As the rainy season is now on, a fair day is as much of a curiosity as any other thing "any other man" can bring.

Boston and Wyzeman Marshal would not part with Fox's Ravel troupe so soon as one week. Not a bit of it. The 24th brings forth a new pantomime, called "The Magic Laurel." Besides, Uncle James Pilgrim can shine out as "Paddy Go Easy," etc. Mdlle. Marietta Ravel is soon to make her first appearance in Boston at the Howard.

AMATEUR.

J. R. SCOTT DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—This company, with Charley Ward as stage manager, gave a performance of "Damon and Pythias," and "The Miser of Shoreditch," at the Stadt Theatre, on the 14th inst., to a select audience. The company has been strengthened, numerically only, by new members, for it would be an exaggeration on our part to declare the club any better off in talent than heretofore. Mr. Douglass, a new candidate for dramatic honors, essayed to "do" drama, supported by an ill-conceived Pythias, in the person of Mr. Evans, who must have strained himself physically and mentally, to reach certain difficult points, and we must say, Mr. D. "done" the Patriot Senator in a style excruciating to behold. Charley Ward's Dionysius was *au fait* in many respects, and received all the commendation the rendition merited. Mr. Keene's Damocles was an excellent piece of amateur acting, thorough and finished in every motion. This student improves wonderfully, as we predicted some time ago. Miss Joey St. Clair, charming and beautiful as ever, appeared as Calanthe, a character well suited to the lady's tragic powers. Her reception was enthusiastic. In the drama that followed, Dick Marshall gave us Oliver Dalton, in which he was overworked, apparently, but rendered the audience perfect satisfaction. Mr. Fisher's Evelyn Heartwell was a model for good acting. We consider Mr. Fisher *the* card of the club. Mr. Williams, as Brayling, was not up to the mark. Mr. Hughes, as Toby Toper, was very funny, and kept the house in a continued roar of laughter. Notwithstanding the exertions of some of the players, the piece was a perfect jumble; for in the part of Jasper Scrimpe, the leading part, we found a bad representative in Mr. Melber. Miss St. Clair's Mabel was splendid. The next performance will be for the benefit of the club, of which due notice will be given.

"Wattie Rusher" appears to have been looking in among the amateur folks at Philadelphia, and writes as follows, on the 21st:—The "Boothenians" (whether or not they are old 'uns the bill is silent) gave a second performance, in the City Museum, on the 18th. Very few of those engaged in the former exhibition took part in this. "La Tour de Nesle" and "Toodles" were the pieces. Mrs. H. Rynar, as Marguerite of Burgundy, did not embody, in the most minute degree, the spirit of the play. A peculiar wheezing, sameness of the voice, which rendered the part to the audience extremely monotonous, seemed to characterize her rendition of the drama. Mr. S. Hayhurst, as Captain Buridan, evinced much spirit, and a fine conception of his difficult *role*. I should judge Mr. H. to be a man of considerable theatrical experience. Between the plays, Miss M. A. Beckett sang two very pretty songs, in a very praiseworthy manner. In "Toodles," Timothy was enacted by Mr. F. E. Porter, evidently a hard student of the "Toodles" of J. S. Clarke. The drunken scene was a ridiculous farce, and was so judged by the audience, many of whom left during its enactment. The apostrophe to woman, one of the finest and most comical in the play, was entirely "cut out," and a mere idealistic address placed in its stead. There did not seem to be any life in the drama; the entire company seemed to fear to make themselves at home; they watched for an opportunity to speak in an undertone, that the audience might not hear their defective enunciation. Miss Adkins is rather pretty in features, but possessed very little self confidence in her ability, one of the greatsst drawbacks to a successful artist.

THE COLUMBIA DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave an entertainment at Dramatic Hall on the 21st, "Paddy Carey" and "The Robbers" were on. In the first named piece Messrs. Crawford, Minns, R. Lennett, and Conway sustained the leading parts creditably. Miss Sallie Burnett, the charming chambermaid done Mrs. Leary. Mr. T. J. Byrne sung the "Last Rose of Summer." "The Beggar's Petition" recited by Mr. Conway, was a masterly effort on his part. Succeeding this was a patriotic song (as announced on the bills) "The Little Wonder" which was wonderfull. "The Robbers" came next with Alexander as Chas. De Moor; Thomas as the Count; Gillot as Francis; and Norvall as Speigelberg,

"H.," writing from St. John, N. B., on the 13th, pitches into the Amateurs there in the following style:—"Our gentlemen Amateurs, who played "Othello" last year, after nine months practice and preparation, performed on last Tuesday night Sheridan Knowles' very fine play of "The Wife." The performance was for the benefit of Mrs. J. W. Lanergan, tendered to her by the gentlemen amateurs. Messrs. Hooke, Glasgow, McShane, Otty, Hutchinson, and Alderman Robinson took the principal parts. The acting was rich in the extreme; the make up could not be excelled, the reading was as perfect as it was original, the voices loud, clear, and distinct, especially the prompter's. From respect to Mrs. Lanergan, they were not pelted off the stage, but every time they appeared without her, they were hissed, hooted, and laughed at; and no wonder, for I doubt if any other audience would put up with such disgusting tomfoolery. Mrs. Lanergan played the part of Mariana. She looked distressed and sick, and appeared very glad when St. Pierre gave up the ghost. I did not wait for the farce, for Heaven knows the play was farce enough." Surely Mr. Lanergan might stop this nonsense in St. John, N. B., if he were to set about it.

OBITUARY.

FRIEND QUEEN—In your issue of last week you announced the sad intelligence of the death of one, who, while living, ranked among the most brilliant of our native artists, and acknowledged by all to be a whole-souled fellow. I refer to the once gay and happy Jerry Merrifield, and I cannot let this opportunity pass without paying something more than a passing tribute to him who "many a time and oft" has made the welkin ring. Jerry Merrifield was born in Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, England, September 21st, 1820. In 1832, he came to the United States and went to Buffalo, where he resided for some time with his uncle. In 1835, he engaged as "call boy" with Messrs. Dean & McKenney, then managers of the Buffalo Theatre. In 1836, the late E. P. Christy visited Buffalo with a circus company. On one occasion he brought Jerry *out in a bag*, as "Billy Barlow." This was his first appearance in public upon any stage. He subsequently played low comedy at the theatre with credit to himself, and satisfaction to his audiences. In 1837, he visited New York, and became attached to the Olympic Theatre where he was a great favorite. He shortly after seceded from the Olympic and joined the forces of Sefton at the Franklin Theatre. Here he took his audience by storm, and he soon became one of the greatest favorites ever seen on those boards. Of late years, Jerry has devoted his attention almost exclusively to comic singing, for which he possessed remarkable ability. His first appearance in Philadelphia took place at Barnum's Museum, July 28th, 1851. He was an exceedingly droll, and at the same time, a chaste vocalist. He was an excellent mimic, and possessed a vein of broad, rich humor. But not relying upon his power of creating fun alone, Jerry studied the art of personation thoroughly. He possessed one of those happy, genial faces, glowing with buoyancy. He was never coarse nor vulgar, even in a drunken scene, which too many, when enacting, have spoilt by overdoing and larding with ugly words and double entendres. In his especial line of characters he at one time had few equals. But now he is gone, his record is on high—

"God of the just, thou gavest the bitter cup,
We bow to thy behest, and drink it up."

Those who remember him when amid his many triumphs in earlier days, and those who have seen him of late years, will unite in deploring his loss. Although in the providence of God, this gifted actor died away from home where he was so much esteemed, he was not alone. Among the company attached to Geo. Deagle's Varieties there were those who in "after life" proved their true friendship—friends who knew him well while living and forgot not the last sad rites due a brother professional when departed from this eventful life. Generous and brave, his hand and heart were never closed to those who applied to him for aid. He had a ready ear for every sound of woe, and a hand quick as the speed of thought to relieve it. Promptness—quick to advise and slow to condemn, were ever his mottoes. His philanthrophy knew no bounds—his charities were world-wide and many—his faults few. How well I remember his manly bearing—the ever commanding attractiveness of his salutations—his clearness in discussion and boldness in ideas, yet so tempered with justice and gentleness as not to offend the most fastidious—all these, and vastly more, will ever people our dreams, and ever teach us to believe he was born "to give the world assurance of a man." May this heavy stroke fall lightly upon those for whom he had the most earnest and ardent affection, and they at last be re-united before the great white throne.

"Light rest the turf above thee,
Friend of many better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

New York, Aug. 18, 1862. COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—"Our own correspondent," Mr. Edwin James, who has been sojourning in England for some time past, and whose interesting communications on various subjects have appeared from time to time in this journal, was to have left there on the 16th inst., in the great Eastern, for his native land, so that he will soon be with us. The *Sporting Life* notices his intended departure briefly, as follows:—

"Mr. Edwin James, a gentleman from America, who has been in England for some months, during which time he has contributed several interesting articles on sporting to the New York CLIPPER, leaves England in the Great Eastern on Saturday next. Before his departure, he wishes to return his thanks to the friends who entertained him at a farewell dinner on Wednesday, July 30."

YACHT REGATTA IN GOWANUS BAY.—On Tuesday, August 19th, the yachts Arethusa, Wardlaw, Favorita, Partridge, L. F. Newman, Colleen Bawn, and Laura, sailed a match race for a purse given by the proprietor of the Club House. The boats all belong to the Brooklyn Yacht Club, with the exception of the Colleen Bawn which is attached to the Jersey City Yacht Club. The course was from a stake boat off the Club House, to a stake boat off Bay Ridge dock; thence to the Robbin's Reef Light, and back to the Club House; this course was sailed over three times, making a distance of twenty miles. The breeze was light at the commencement of the race, but before the course was sailed over, the contestants were favored with a fine working breeze, which afforded them the opportunity to exhibit their best sailing qualities. The Partridge and the Colleen Bawn took the lead from the outset of the race, and kept it throughout. On the first turn the Colleen Bawn obtained a slight lead; but in the second turn when off Robbin's Reef, the Partridge passed her and came home a winner by a few lengths, in three hours and twenty minutes. The balance of the fleet were a long distance astern of the Partridge and Colleen Bawn.

THE TRIGGER AT CHESTER, PA.—A pigeon shooting match came off there on the 15th inst., at five birds each, 1½oz. shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, between John Cornell and Dr. Farwood, and John Honan and Mr. Capewell, with the following result:—

Cornell	10111—4	Honan	10111—4
Farwood	11001—3	Capewell	11010—3
Total	7	Total	7

The tie was shot off on the following Monday at seven birds each, same conditions as before, resulting as under:—

Cornell	1110001—4	Honan	1111111—7
Harwood	1111111—7	Capewell	0110100—3
Total	11	Total	10

JACK LANGAN.—A St. Louis correspondent points out some inaccuracies in Ned James's recent notice of Jack Langan, the Irish pugilist. Desiring to have all such matters right, we give the communication in full, as follows:—

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 14th, 1862.

F. QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* In perusing the CLIPPER to-day, I was somewhat surprised at the article headed "The Pugilistic Champion of Ireland." Your correspondent, E. J., has strangely perverted facts, or has been misinformed. I was intimately acquainted with the renowned Jack Langan for many years in Liverpool, and as I think it natural that you would rather give publicity to facts than fiction, I take the liberty to state the following:—The tea dodge is true, and many a glass of it have I paid for to the profit of the bold Jack; but he did not retire from business; neither did he buy an estate in Ireland; he did purchase a small country residence in Cheshire, which he used for the recreation of himself and family in the summer months; I can also with pleasure say that Langan, long before his death, was the welcome associate of many of the leading men of Liverpool, and universally respected by everybody. It was painfully evident, however, that his mental faculties were impaired long before the misfortune befell his eldest daughter. He had four of them, not an "only daughter," as your correspondent states, and I have no doubt there are hundreds of men, now in this country, who will recollect seeing a large family picture hanging over the mantle of his concert room, opposite the Clarence Dock, Liverpool, in which Langan, his wife, and four daughters are represented life size. The eldest was unfortunately the victim of seduction, not by the "well-begotten bastard of an English nobleman," but by an Irish comic singer, then in the employ of Langan. This fact was so well known at the time that the whole town talked about it, and the only satisfaction Langan could obtain was to deprive the singer of his situation, and put his daughter away to hide her disgrace. He was, naturally, much hurt by this unfortunate occurrence, but did not immediately "become a raving maniac, and die in fearful agony." On the contrary, he bore it like a man, and went about as usual. Some time afterwards, his wife was again in a way to increase the family, and Langan, who had no son, vowed that if it should be a boy, he should be born an Irishman, and sent his wife to Ireland for the coming event; she did give birth to a son, but his wife gave up her life in exchange; his wish was gratified; he had a son, but the partner of his life, the sharer of his poverty and prosperity, was gone forever; then indeed, both physically and mentally, he was a wreck, and soon followed his beloved companion to the tomb, and, I think I can safely say, without leaving an enemy behind him. Yours respectfully,

EDWARD BERRY.

QUOITING IN CANADA.—Scotia, writing from Toronto on the 21st, on this subject, says:—"ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* On Tuesday, the 19th inst., along with a large concourse of the lovers of the social and manly game of quoits, I went to witness the competition for a splendid silver cup, presented by Thomas Berney, Esq., of the "Rising Sun Hotel," George street. The day was all that could be desired. The ground of competition was a beautiful level plot, lying a short distance to the north of the city. Sixteen crack players having entered the lists—about half-past two P. M. they were pitted against each other, and the game commenced. The distance played was 21 yards—"tees" level with the ground. Throughout the contest there was a continual clang of quoit striking quoit, and every now and then might be heard the "sharp click," denoting that the "nail" was struck, and that the "feather" was driven from "mortal view." After four hours spirited play, victory declared herself in favor of Mr. Alexander Muir, President of the Scarboro' Quoiting Club, whose splendid play was greatly admired. Mr. Muir, although brought up in Canada, is a native of Lesmahagon, Lanarkshire, Scotland, having emigrated to Canada with his father when only four years of age; he is now about 32. His father was one of Scotland's best players, and won for himself in Canada the proud title of "King of Canadian Quoit Players." Mr. Muir played a 7½ pound quoit with a diameter of about 7¾ inches. Among the crack players engaged were Wm. Somerville and —— Mallon, of Toronto; John Higgins, of Georgetown; Walter Glendinning and Wm. Bertram, of Scarboro'. There was little or no betting, as Mr. Muir was the favorite from the commencement, 10 to 1 being freely offered upon him, with no takers. Good feeling and harmony was the order of the day. The players, after "smiling" from the cup, bent their steps homewards, determined to try and improve their play in order that they might wrest their lost laurels from Mr. Muir, while at the same time wishing "more power to his elbow."

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

BRIGHTON RACES.

AMERICAN HORSES WIN AGAIN!

In the races which took place at this fashionable watering place of England during the week ending August 9, Mr. Ten Broeck appears to have taken a successful part, as, with his American bred horses, Summerside and Annette, he succeeded, on August 7, in winning two events in succession. In accordance with our usual custom, we append the summary of those races only in which the "cattle" of our American turf representative took part:—

TUESDAY, AUG. 5, THE MARINE PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs, for all ages, winners extra; T. Y. C. (three-quars of a mile.)

Col. Towneley's Cellarius, by Fandango—Hybla, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb.....H. Grimshaw 1
Mr. H. J. Smith's Fitz-Avon, by Strikol—Avonmore, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb.....Aldcroft 2
Mr. Fuller's Baffler, by Birdcatcher—Snowdrop, 3 yrs, 7st.....Daley 3
Lord St. Vincent's Duke of Cambridge, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb..Hibberd 4
Mr. Bruce's Lord of the Manor, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb.....Custance 0
Mr. TEN BROECK's Olive Branch, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb (inc. 5lb extra).....G. Fordham 0
Mr. Goater's Caliban, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb.....Edwards 0
Mr. Jas. Smith's Wombat, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb.....Clement 0
Mr. Hodgman's Furious, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb.....Reeves 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Caliban, 4 to 1 agst Cellarius, 5 to 1 agst Duke of Cambridge, 100 to 15 agst Olive Branch. and 10 to 1 agst any other (offered). After several attempts, a fair start was accomplished, Baffler taking the lead for a few strides, when Duke of Cambridge, Fitz-Avon, and Caliban passed him, Baffler and Cellarius going on next, Wombat bringing up the rear. About half-way down the hill, Caliban took a clear lead, with Fitz-Avon second, "the Duke" third, and Cellarius fourth. No change of importance occurred until reaching the half-distance, where the favorite broke down, and Col. Towneley's colt went to the front, followed by Fitz-Avon, second, and Duke of Cambridge, third. Opposite the stand, Baffler passsed Duke of Cambridge and took third place; and Cellarius, going on full of running, won easily by two lengths; Fitz-Avon beating Baffler a head only for second place; Duke of Cambridge finishing the same distance astern of Baffler; Wombat was last.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7.—A plate of 100 sovs., given from the Brighton Race-fund, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, for two year olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb; winners extra; T.Y.C. 8 subs.

MR TEN BROECK's Summerside, by Lexington—dam by Glencoe—Gipsy, 8st.....Fordham 1
Count de Lagrange's Odine, 8st 9lb (including 5lb extra).....H Grimshaw 2
Mr Bruce's Gipsy Girl, 8st 12lb (including 8lb extra)..Custance 3
Mr Naylor's Persigny, 8st 3lb.....Challoner 4
Lord Uxbridge's f by Magnifier—Rose Pompon, 8st (carried 8st 2lb).....J Goater 5
Mr Goater's f by Vandermeulin—Mississippi, 8st.....Butt 6
Mr Payne's Energetic, 8st.....Drew 7

Betting: 5 to 4 on Summerside, 100 to 30 agst Gipsy Girl, and 7 to 1 each agst Persigny and Odine. When the flag fell, Energetic, Persigny, and Gipsy Girl rushed to the front, followed by Summerside and the Vandermeulin filly, Odine and the Magnifier filly being last. Approaching the bend, the favorite took up the running, Gipsy Girl coming on third, the Vandermeulin filly fourth, the Magnifier filly being still last. Perceiving it was fruitless to attempt to overhaul the favorite, Persigny retired, and Odine was the only one who contested the finish with Mr. Ten Broeck's filly, who won in a canter by two lengths; a length and a half between the second and third; Persigny was a good fourth; the Magnifier and Vandermeulin fillies finishing side by side close up.

A plate of 100 sovs., given from the Brighton Race-fund, for three year olds and upwards, which have never won £100; three year olds, 7st 10lb; four, 8st 8lb; five, six, and aged, 8st 12lb; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. T.Y.C. 6 subs.

MR TEN BROECK's Annette, by Scythian—Alice Carneal (bred in America) 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Fordham 1
Lord Ailesbury's Freeholder, by Windhound—Split-vote, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Drew 2
Mr Fleming's Acco, by Longbow, Caricature, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb.....J Daley 3
Count Batthyany's Aroma, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb.....H Bradley 4
Mr Waller's Marcellus, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Pearson 5

Betting; 7 to 4 on Annette, 4 to 1 agst Acco, 7 to 1 agst Freeholder, and 9 to 1 agst Aroma. Prior to the start, several broke away on two occasions, Marcellus and Acco, in the first break, racing to the top of the hill. In the second attempt, Marcellus ran the longest distance. When they were despatched, Freeholder, in company with Marcellus, occupied the front position, Aroma lying third, and Acco and the favorite slightly in the rear. At the top of the hill, Marcellus retired, and Acco, with Aroma at his girths, joined Freeholder. The pace was too severe for Aroma, who gradually disappeared from the front, and, approaching the dip, the favorite divided Acco and Freeholder. From the distance, a splendid race ensued between the trio, Acco, until arriving within a few strides of the judge's box, appearing to have slightly the best of it; Fordham, however, came with one of his grand rushes, and, literally lifting the favorite, landed Mr. Ten Broeck's colors by a neck; a head only dividing the second and third; a bad fourth. The winner was bought by Mr. James Bland, of London, for 250 guineas.

PISCATORIAL SWEEPSTAKES.—Monday, Aug. 4, was a great day for the disciples of Izaak Walton, at Sheffield, Eng., it being the day on which Mr. John Wreaks's All-England Fishing Sweepstakes came off. This was the sixth annual sweepstakes that had taken place under the same gentleman's superintendence and management; and angling friends may have some idea of the magnitude of the affair, when they are informed that 315 anglers actually contended for the magnificent prizes given, which amounted to 176 in number, the first being a splendid silver cup, second, a silver watch and £5 in money; third, a pair of splendid carriage springs, and others of less importance. A "special" was arranged by Mr. Wreaks, to convey the Sheffield anglers and their friends, and on the arrival of the train at Readby, which village is situated about nine miles from Thorne, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, all wended their way to the canal, which abounds in the following fish—namely, pike, perch, roach, bream, eels, and chub. On the ground being measured, the names and numbers were drawn, and each repaired to his respective place, being fifteen yards from his neighbor, the sight of seeing 315 jolly fishermen "all in a row" being easier imagined than described. At eleven o'clock the signal was given to "throw in," and no time was lost in so doing, the giving up time being six o'clock. Immediately after that time the weighing commenced, when George Emmery, Sheffield, was declared the winner of the first prize, having caught 13lb 2¼oz.; Henry Cawthorne, Sheffield, second prize, his fish weighing 9lb 3oz.; Henry Walker, Sheffield, third prize, having caught 7lb 10oz. The fourth was obtained by D. Tompkinson, Blackburn Lancashire, 6lb 1½oz. Many of the other prizes were distributed all over the country, although the Sheffield anglers took a fair share of the minor prizes.

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power to imitate almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also four hundred and thirty-four muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore three thousand eight hundred and forty in an hour, eighty-two thousand one hundred and sixty in a day. There are also three complete circulations of blood in the short space of an hour.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHAS. A. GILBERG.—Our problem critic has went and gone and committed matrimony; and, much we fear us, has forgotten your problems. Re-analyze them carefully with a friend or two, and if found still all right, duplicate, and we will "show 'em up," with many thanks for your kindness, regrets for the delay, and wishes for a share of your future efforts.

LOUIS GOLDSMID.—The first 5-move shall shortly appear; we suspect a flaw (not certain yet) in the 2d 5-move; by all means send the 3-move. Please number consecutively all future contributions.

J. A. D.—Your elegant 3-move stratagem (No. 334) has been republished in Europe—feather in your cap.

F. EUGENE BRENZINGER.—Same with your Brooklyn consultation game. Letter at hand; information used; many thanks for same. "Trow dat specimen brick," and we'll tell you what—we shall tell you.

C. J., Washington, D. C.—The *partie* you sent to us has been copied in Europe; haven't you something more for us?

THEO. M. BROWN, Berlin, Prussia.—Your most welcome letter, and enclosures, safe to hand—for which accept our most hearty thanks. We shall at once answer you by mail, and try to get a copy of this issue of the CLIPPER to you.

IRISH SPORTING TIMES, Dublin.—Thanks for your courtesies. Your standard of editorial morals seems to be far above the average of our contemporaries. We can but hope that our intercourse may be long, pleasant, and mutually beneficial.

PAULSEN VS. N. Y. CLUB.—At last, through the courtesy of our correspondent F. E. B., we have tidings of this Tourney, so long in abeyance. Mr. Brenzinger writes:—"This Tournament has never been finished, for the reason that some of the New York players had left the city, some were not quite well, and other some didn't feel like playing. But as it was we got twelve victories to their six—a pretty sure final victory before us. I shall do all in my power to have it finished in the fall. Mr. Chamier played his whole list, losing but one—the *partie* with Mr. Shultz; I, too, am through, losing only to Mr. Thompson. [See Game No. 329.] All others have yet to play one, two, or three games."

WORLD'S CONGRESS.—Herr Anderssen has been awarded the first prize and Mr. Paulsen the second. In a subsequent match, two games were drawn, each combatant scoring three. Both have returned to Germany. Signor Dubois and Paulsen contested four games subsequent to the Tournament, each winning two. Of the personal characteristics of the players, as exhibited at this passage of arms, the following summary may be given:—HERR ANDERSSEN has again exhibited his pre-eminent skill in a very marked manner, and has clearly demonstrated his right to the high position he occupies. SIGNOR DUBOIS fully deserves the reputation he holds in the Chess world. Some of his games are true models of the elegant style of the Italian school. HERR STEINITZ proves himself a player of great brilliancy, and dash. He is, however, apt to be led away by his impetuosity. Rev. Mr. OWEN has distinguished himself chiefly by his care and deliberation; MR. BARNES, by his originality, dash and spirit; the REV. MR. MCDONNELL, by the universality of his genius in conducting all stages of the game with equal skill; and MR. MONGREDIEN by his fertility of resource and his power of combination in the middle of the game. The games, as a whole, are spoken of as of a very high order and well meriting a record in the "Book of the Congress."

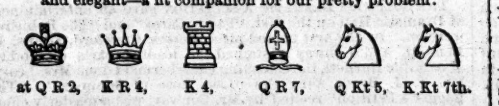
THEO. M. BROWN, IN BERLIN.—In the course of pursuing his musical education, we have occasion to congratulate ourselves and Chess readers, that our friend and contributor, Theo. M. Brown, finds sufficient health and leisure to pursue, even occasionally, the noblest of games in which he so much delights, and in which he has already won such distinguished honors. Through many vexatious disappointments, his good genius is at last in the ascendant, and he is where his heart has so often yearned to be, in the very centre of German Music and the German Chess. From this point many valuable and interesting contributions are destined to grace our columns. We are happy to say that his health is much improved of late. "In Chess," he writes, "I have played little—*only* with the Champion here—and he is very strong—Herr Neumann. In a recent match with Anderssen, he won 11 to losing 10—a high position. Although he beats me the most, yet I worry him. We made a match for a sett of chessmen, he laying the odds that I would *not win one game out of ten*. I won the *first*. We renewed the match, and I scored the second *partie*. Then he allowed me two from ten, for another sett. and I carried off the prize at the first two sittings! &c., &c. We have thus played eight matches, and he stands my Dr. in the trifling matter of six setts of chessmen, with boards to match! * * * * * Mayet lives here; I played with him five games, winning three. * * * * * I sent a sett of suicides to the World's Congress, but made them in a great hurry, and have not much faith. * * * * * Lange has just printed an enormous book of problems; our American works are well noticed. He classifies the composers:—1st class, Bayer, Healy, Willmers, and Lloyd; 2d, Brown (T. M.) and a few others; 3d, Cook, Cheeny, Potter, etc.

ENIGMA No. 343.

From the Era.

BY THEO. M. BROWN, ESQ.

The following, though so terribly one-sided in force, is subtle and elegant—a fit companion for our pretty problem.

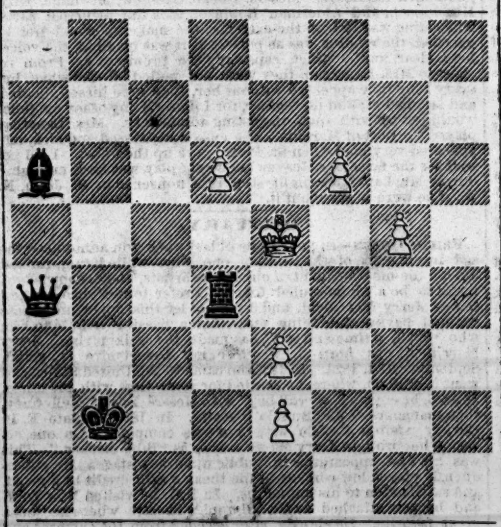


White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 343.

BY THEO. M. BROWN, ESQ.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 343.

One of the most entertaining of the *parties* recently contested in Berlin, Prussia, between our contributor, Theo. M. Brown, and Herr Neumann.

FALKBEER-LEDERER COUNTER-GAMBIT.

Attack, T. M. Brown.	Defence, Herr Neumann.	Attack, T. M. Brown.	Defence, Herr Neumann.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q to K R 3	K B to Kt 2
2..P-K B 4	P-Q 4	14..Q B-R 3(b)	K B × P +(c)
3..K P × P	P-K 5	15..K-his R sq(d)	K B-his 3
4..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	16..Q R-Q sq	Q B-Q 2
5..Q Kt-B 3	K B-B 4	17..Kt × B P(e)	Q-her B sq
6..P-Q 4	K B-Kt 5	18..Kt-K R 6(f)	K R-B sq
7..K Kt-K 2	K Kt × P	19..Q-K 3	P-Q B 4
8..Castles	K Kt × Kt	20..Q × K P +	K B-K 2
9..Kt P × Kt	K B-Q 3	21..K R-K sq	Q Kt-B 3
10..Kt-his 3	P-K B 4	22..B × B P	Q-home
11..Q-R 5 +	P-K Kt 3 (a)	23..K B-K 6, and Herr Neumann shortly resigned.	
12..Q-K R 6	K B-home		

(a) The position of the Defence is rapidly becoming critical, though the opening has been well and spiritedly played.
(b) Brownish, quite Brownish; in fact, very Brownish.
(c) Well tried! a shrewd attempt to make the Attack overtopple his own castle.
(d) What an unaccommodating old hedgehog!
(e) The Brownest kind of Brown; just the style of proceedure that is after our contributor's own heart. Two games in ten, eh? How's that, Herr N.?
(f) A clincher. Every move that follows is simply the unanswerable logic of heavy blows. The Defence aches, no doubt, to get rid of one of these pieces now dancing a *pas de deux* (will our theatrical critic, whose learned lips love long linguistic lore, tell us what that means?) in his encampment—but it's no go. Defeat in an overwhelming tide now engulfs him.

Splendidly fought and instructive game between M. Arnous de Riviere and Herr Anderssen.—*Ill. Lon. News.*

GIUOCO PIANO.

M. de Riviere.	Herr Anderssen.	M. de Riviere.	Herr Anderssen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	20..Q B to his sq	Q R to his 2
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	21..Q R-Q 2	P-K Kt 4 (g)
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	22..Kt-K B 5	P-K B 3
4..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	23..P-K B 4	Q R-K 2
5..P-Q 3	P-Q 3	24..Q-K B 3	P-Q 4 (h)
6..P-K R 3	P-K R 3	25..K P × P	B P × P
7..Q-K 2 (a)	Castles	26..B P × Q P	Q B-B 2
8..P-K Kt 4	K Kt-R 2 (b)	27..R-Q B 2 (i)	K R-K sq
9..Q B-Q 2	P-Q R 3	28..B P × P	B P × P
10..Castles, Q R	Q Kt-Q 5	29..K R-K B sq(*)	K-his R sq
11..K Kt × Kt	K P × Kt (c)	30..Kt-K B 6	K R-Q sq
12..Q Kt-Q 5	P-Q Kt 4	31..Q Kt-K 4 (j)	K B-Q 3 (k)
13..K B-Kt 3	P-Q B 3	32..Q R-B 6	Q-her Kt sq
14..Kt-K B 4	P-Q R 4	33..Kt × K B	K R × Kt
15..P-Q B 4 (d)	P-Q R 5	34..Q-K Kt 3	B-Kt 3 (l)
16..K B-B 2	P-Q Kt 5	35..Q B-Kt 2	Kt-K B sq
17..P-Q Kt 3 (e)	R P × P	36..B × Q P +	K-his R 2
18..K B × P	Q-her Kt 3(f)	37..Q R × R, and Herr Anderssen resigned.	
19..K-Q Kt sq	Q B-K 3		

(a) The customary move is to castle.
(b) The question whether, in this position, the Defence can take Kt P with Kt is one of some importance. Our own opinion is that he cannot, and that his opponent may give up his Queen and yet retain the better game. As some proof of this:—

8..	Kt × Kt P	11..K R × B	Q Kt × Q
9..R P × Kt	Q B × P	12..K × Q Kt	K-R sq (2)
10..K R-Kt sq (1)	Q Kt-Q 5	13..Q B-Q 2, threatening Q R to K R sq with an almost irresistible attack.	

(1) If 10..Q B to K 3d, then follows Q to K B 3d, and the Defence gains a piece for the one sacrificed.
(2) If 12..K to R 2d, his peril is still more imminent.
(c) B takes Kt would, perhaps, have been preferable.
(d) The only mode, apparently, of relieving himself from the pressure of Herr A's counter attack.
[Very well played! provision is now made for the safety of his K. B.—*Loewenthal.*]
(e) Again M. de R. plays the only move by which he can maintain his position.
(f) The situation is now one of no ordinary interest. By this move the Defence threatens to take Q R P with R, and, on the B taking R, to play on Q Kt P and win the game.
(g) Expecting, probably, the Attack would take the Bishop.
(h) This P was purposely sacrificed to enable him to free his Bishop and obtain an opening on the adverse King.
(i) The play of M. de Riviere' throughout this game is irreproachable, but in the termination it is especially excellent.
(*) Finely played—frustrating Herr A.'s contemplated manœuvres.—*Loewenthal.*
(j) The Attack might have won the game, we believe, by taking Kt, had not his attention been directed to another and more artistic manner of achieving victory, *e. g.*:—

31..Kt × Kt	K × Kt	32..Q P × R	Q B × R +
32..P-Q 6	Q B × B	34..K × Q B, &c., winning.	

(k) Had he taken Q P, the game, in all likelihood, would have been continued thus:—

31..	B × Q P	33..Q B to Kt 2d, &c.	
32..K B × B	R × B	If appears, at first view, that here the Attack might advantageously take Kt P with Kt, instead of 33..Q B to Kt 2d, but the retort of P to Q Kt 6 shows that that move would greatly jeopardize his game.	

(l) His better course, apparently, was to move R to Q sq: but then he would have lost K R P, and with two P.s superiority the Attack must have won without difficulty.
[From Mr. Staunton's opinion, expressed in Note (c) above, Herr Loewenthal dissents, he says:—"We believe Herr A. might boldly have ventured on the sacrifice of the Kt; by adopting that line of play he obtains a full equivalent in position, rendering his antagonist's defence extremely difficult." Mr. S. shows how to carry on the Attack against it.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R. BETHELL, Philadelphia, Pa.—We did hazard the opinion that Mr. Drummond's new work would be found a very superior treatise; but, as we acknowledged, this presentiment was not based upon thorough examination of the same. If forced to recall this view, we shall yield gracefully by inserting any and all corrections which may be forwarded to us. Such a course must certainly conduce to the advancement of the game, which should at all times be the foremost object of every true admirer of Draughts. Your correction of Drummond appears this week. Shall be pleased to hear from you again. See remarks of Express.

W. B. CODDINGTON, N. Y.—With pleasure. "Anything on the board" for us?

"EXPRESS," New York.—See O. T S.'s remarks this week.

W. S. K., New York.—You acted for the best—we think.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn.—Corrected games received. Thanks.

C. M. W., Peterboro, N. H.—May you be protected, and return safely to your friends. We dare not write good bye.

CARD TO "EXPRESS."

WILLIAMSBURG, Aug. 19, 1862.

Dear Sir:—The following position occurs in game No. 18, vol. X. of the CLIPPER, at the 21st move:

Black men on 5, 9, 13, 14, 15, and 16.
White men on 21, 22, 25, 26, and 30; King on 7.

White having first move, Drummond moves King 7-11, and Black wins. If, instead of this, White should play 26-23, can you see anything in the way of a draw? Or, how about King 7 to 2 or 7 to 3? If, as I think, 7 to 11 is about the worst move White could make, you must admit that Drummond's play, in this game at least, is not so fine after all, and will hardly pass muster as "another correction of the A. D. P." Should be happy to hear your views in this regard. Yours Respectfully,

ON THE SQUARE.

DRUMMOND'S CORRECTION CORRECTED.

BY W. R. BETHELL, ESQ.

DRUMMOND'S CORRECTION OF A. D. P.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
35.. 9 to 14	15 to 10	39..18 to 23	6 to 10
36..14 18	10 6	40..23 26	10 14
37..27 31	6 2(A)	41..27 23 Black wins.	
38..31 27	2 6		

BETHELL'S CORRECTION OF DRUMMOND.

			(A)		
37..	6 to 1*		41..27 to 23	21 to 17	
38..31 to 27	1 5		42..23 19(B)	17 14	
39..18 23	29 25		43..19 15	5 9	
40..23 26	25 22		Drawn.		
			(B)		
42..26 to 30	17 to 14		43..30 to 25	22 to 18†	
	Drawn.				

* Here is all the trouble. 6 to 1 followed by 1 to 5, leaves no difficulty.
† Many other styles may be played, all terminating the same.

Yours truly, W. R. BETHELL.
Philadelphia, August 13, 1862.

GAME No. 20—VOL. X.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—Dear Sir: The game below is from the Scottish Draught Player, by John Drummond.

DYKE.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	16..13 to 22	25 to 18
2..15 19	24 15	17.. 5 9	32 28
3..10 19	28 16	18..12 16	28 24
4..12 19	25 22	19..16 20	24 19
5.. 8 11	30 25	20..23 27	31 24
6.. 4 8	22 18	21..20 27	18 15
7.. 9 13	17 14	22.. 9 13	15 6
8.. 8 12	27 24	23.. 2 9	19 15
9..11 16	24 15	24.. 9 14	15 10
10.. 7 18	14 7	25..14 18	10 6
11.. 3 19	26 22	26..27 31	6(a) 2
12..19 24	28 19	27..31 27	2 6
13..16 23	18 15	28..18 23	6 10
14.. 6 10	15 6	29..23 26	10 14
15.. 1 10	22 17	30..27 23, and Black wins.	

CORRECTION BY A. H. MERCER, WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

			(a)		
26..	6 to 1		31..26(b) 30	17 to 14	
27..31 to 27	1 5		32..30 25	22 18	
28..18 23	29 25		33..25 22	18 15	
29..23 26	25 22		34..22 17	15 10	
30—27 23	21 17		35..23 18	5(c) 9	

(b) 23 to 19 also draws.
(c) This is the neatest analysis of a game I have seen in some time, and Mr. Mercer still keeps the prestige of being the best analyst, as well as one of the best Draught players in this country. Nine players out of ten would have lost this game, same as Mr. Drummond did. Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 86th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1..12 8	26 19
2..14 10	4 11
3..18 14, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 19—VOL. X.

BY C. M. W.

White.	Black.
1.. 6 to 2	15 to 6
2..24 8	4 11
3..18 15	11 25
4..21 32, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 20—Vol. X.

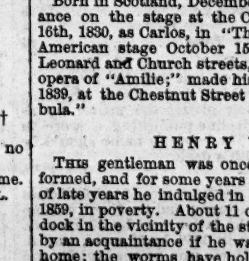
BY A GLASGOW CHAPPY.

Black.	White.
1..31 to 27	11 to 18
2..10 14	17 10
3..20 24	28 19
4..27 31	18 27
6..31 13, and wins.	

POSITION No. 21—Vol. X.

BY A. L. H., of Baltimore.

BLACK.

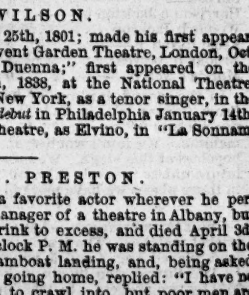


WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE 87th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

JOHN BRADLEY.

Born in Philadelphia, Nov. 2d, 1829. Made his first appearance on any stage August 26, 1851, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in his native city, as Canope, in "Azael." He soon after joined the forces at the Arch, where he remained for a long time. This young gentleman is one of the few graduates of the Philadelphia Central High School who is in the profession. He has served a theatrical apprenticeship of eight years in the principal theatres of Philadelphia and Baltimore, under the supervision of the most celebrated stage managers in the United States. He had the honor awarded him of supporting our great tragedian, Edwin Forrest, during that gentleman's Baltimore engagement in the fall of '54, in a number of the leading heavy characters, and won from that veteran of the stage, words of unqualified praise and encouragement, for the artistic manner in which he acquitted himself in the different *roles* assigned him. Nature has given him many personal qualifications, which eminently adapt him for a true representative of the heroes of the tragic muse, being tall and commanding in appearance, with a bold and expressive cast of countenance, and good voice; besides this, he is the fortunate recipient of an excellent classical education, acquired in the halls of one of the first institutions in the Union.

Retired from the stage at the close of the season of 1860-1.

MISS TURPIN.

Was the daughter of an actor and actress, long known on the provincial boards, from which they retired, and became the keepers of a small tavern near the Liverpool Theatre; here their daughter received what is termed a musical education, and having a natural taste, she attempted the stage. She was several years at the Haymarket, and afterwards at Covent Garden. Made her first appearance on the American stage June 19, 1837, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Cinderella, for the benefit of Mr. Walton.

JOHN S. BALLS.

Born in England, in 1799. Made his *debut* November 23d, 1829, in London, as Tristram Fickle, in "The Hunchback." First appeared on the American stage October 15th, 1835, as Vapid, in "The Dramatist," at the Park Theatre, New York. On the 16th of November, 1835, his first appearance in Philadelphia took place, on which occasion he appeared as Vapid, at the Chestnut Street Theatre.

Returned to London, and in 1844 died in Dublin. He had the peculiarity of never knowing a word of his part, yet at the same time keeping the audience in a good humor.

MRS. BLOXTON.

Born in England; made her first appearance on the American stage at the Park Theatre, New York, where she remained a great favorite for many years, and was then known as Mrs. Seymour. She had a fine soprano voice. Her *debut* in Philadelphia was during the season of 1821-2, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Lucy, in "The West Indian." She was then Mrs. Bloxton. Remained in Philadelphia for many years, as a favorite vocalist in ballads. Died in Natchez, in 1825.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Was formerly a sea captain—a merchant—a speculator in lands, goods and tenements—actor—manager—and finally retired to a farm of his in New York State. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia December 5th, 1822, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Pierre, in "Venice Preserved." He shortly after married Miss Brobston, a young lady of Philadelphia. His *debut* in New York was at the Park Theatre. Afterwards became manager of the National Theatre, situated corner of Leonard and Church streets, New York.

First appeared on the London stage, October 7th, 1833, at the Haymarket Theatre, as Othello. Retired from the stage in 1839, and purchased a farm in the State of New York, where he died, in 1854.

MRS. ALEXANDER WILSON.

Maiden name Brobston. Born in Philadelphia; made her first appearance on the stage March 12th, 1794, at the John Street Theatre, New York, as the Widow Brady, in "The Irish Widow." Was a very successful actress at the Olympic Theatre, New York, in 1812.

Died in 1855, at her husband's farm, on the banks of the Hudson.

MR. WILSON.

Born in Scotland, December 25th, 1801; made his first appearance on the stage at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, Oct. 16th, 1830, as Carlos, in "The Duenna;" first appeared on the American stage October 15th, 1838, at the National Theatre, Leonard and Church streets, New York, as a tenor singer, in the opera of "Amilie;" made his *debut* in Philadelphia January 14th, 1839, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Elvino, in "La Sonnambula."

HENRY W. PRESTON.

THIS gentleman was once a favorite actor wherever he performed, and for some years manager of a theatre in Albany, but of late years he indulged in drink to excess, and died April 3d, 1859, in poverty. About 11 o'clock P. M. he was standing on the dock in the vicinity of the steamboat landing, and, being asked by an acquaintance if he was going home, replied: "I have no home; the worms have holes to crawl into, but poor men are without houses to rest in." The next instant his acquaintance heard a fall and a splash in the water, and that was the end of the once favorite Preston, who in his younger days had hosts of friends, and deserved them too.

CAPTAIN MORTON PRICE.

THIS gentleman was born in England. Said to be a nephew of Earl Derby. Came to America in 1859, with a young lady companion by the name of Lucette. He announced himself as an "English Amateur Actor" and of "Her Majesty's Royal Navy." Made his *debut* on the American stage, May 23d, 1859, at the Metropolitan, New York, as Citizen Sangfroid, in "Delicate Ground," and Pierre Chase, in "All's Fair in Love and War," being one of his own pieces. His *debut* was a signal failure.

As an actor he has no merit. In those characters known as "Walking Gentlemen," who must be considered necessary to carry on the plot of the play, he might be acceptable. There is an awkward imitation of the gentleman about him, that makes his attempts at the conspicuous characters ridiculous. Returned to England, August, 1860.

MISS HENRIETTA SIMON.

MADE her *debut* as a vocalist in Cincinnati, Ohio, March, 1858. First appeared in New York, April, 1858, when she assisted at a concert given by Mme. de La Grange. Her voice is a pure soprano, of almost unlimited range in the upper register, and has a firm ringing quality, which, is combined with good intonation and florid execution, produces an admirable *ensemble*. She sings with equal success, the Italian, French, and English. She is the pupil of Mr. Corradi Colliere, of Cincinnati, and to him Miss Simon is indebted for her proficiency in the beautiful art.

J. W. SHARPE.

The celebrated comic singer; died in England, in February, 1856, in a very destitute condition, brought upon himself by habits of dissipation.

MRS. SHARPE.

Maiden name Le Sugg. Born in England; made her first appearance on the American stage in 1837, at the Park Theatre, New-York. Made her *debut* in Philadelphia, April 30th, 1838, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Lady Macbeth; remained a member of the company for a long time. Took her final leave of the stage, and a farewell benefit, on the 5th of May, 1840, at the Chestnut, as Miss Dorillon, in "Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are." After the comedy, she took leave of the

public in a farewell address written for her by J. S. Du Solle. She soon after married Captain Brevoort, of the United States Marines. Her first appearance in London was at Drury Lane, April 14, 1836, as Lady Macbeth.

MR. SHAPTER.

Made his first appearance on the American stage at the Park Theatre, New-York, October 11th, 1802.

MR. HENRY SHERMAN.

Born in New-York; made his first appearance on the stage at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1840, as a vocalist, and as such, was considered very clever.

When Barnum took Tom Thumb to England, Mr. Sherman was engaged as the theatrical preceptor for that renowned gentleman. Mr. S. traveled all through England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. He finally returned to the United States, and soon after leaving Barnum, died in the most abject poverty.

CHARLES DURANG.

Born in Philadelphia, December, 4th, 1794. Made his first appearance on any stage as a dancer, pupil of W. Francis, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in his native city, in 1803, appearing in "The Tale of Mystery." This gentleman has occupied many positions—that of actor, author, stage manager, prompter, ballet-master, and lastly he opened a dancing academy in Philadelphia, having retired from the stage. At present, living in retirement in Philadelphia. A short time since he wrote a "History of the Philadelphia Stage," which is highly interesting.

JOHN DURANG.

Born in Lancaster, Pa., January 6th, 1768. Made his first appearance on any stage in 1785, at the old South Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as a dancer, and gained considerable notoriety. Died in Philadelphia, March, 1822.

FERDINAND DURANG.

Born at Hartford, Conn., in 1796. Made his first appearance on any stage as a dancer, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Came to New York in 1825, and became attached to the Chatham Theatre, under Bauere. Seceded from the Chatham, and became a member of the Bowery, at which theatre he died in 1831.

AUGUSTUS F. DURANG.

Born in Philadelphia, in 1800. Made his *debut* when a child at the Chestnut Street Theatre, appearing as General Tom Thumb. Was taken by Mr. T. Apthorpe Cooper to New York, where he appeared at the Park Theatre. Quit the profession and became a sailor; soon after was lost at sea.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, August 6.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Aug. 19.—T. Davis and J. Evans (Nutty)—£25 a side, at catch weight, Home circuit.
19.—Young Dove and J. Jones—£25 a side, 8st 8lb, Home Circuit.
21.—Dilly and M'Nulty—£10 a side, at catch weight, Worcester.
26.—Peter Morris and Young Holden—£50 a side, 8st, Home circuit.
Sept. 2.—John Baynes and Patsey Cleare—£5 a side.
2.—Cook and Fox—£10 a side, at 8st 10lb, Midland circuit.
2.—T. Barnes and J. Carroll—£5 a side, Hampshire.
15.—John Morgan and Aleck Meek—£25 a side, at 9st 10lb, Midland circuit.
30.—Joe Goss and Posh Price—£25 a side, Midland circuit.
30.—T. Osborn and W. Boston's Novice—£10 a side, at 8st 8lb.
Oct'BER 7.—Hall and Millard—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb, Midland circuit.
Nov. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The match between Tom King and Jem Mace, for the champion's belt and £400, is progressing most favorably, there having been another £15 a side put down on Wednesday July 30, making very near half the money already staked. The next deposit of £15 a side was to be made at Jem Mace's, on Wednesday, Aug. 13.

RING ON DITS.

EVANS AND DAWES.—The match between these lads is going on all right.

J. HICKS AND JEM GOLLAGHER, £100 a-side, at 9st.—The deposits on the part of both men are made as they become due.

DILLY AND M'NULTY.—J. Dilly, of Worcester, and J. M'Nulty, of Birmingham, are matched to fight at catch-weight, for £10 a side, near Worcester, on August 21.

T. OSBORN, of Mile End, and W. BOSTON'S NOVICE.—These lads are matched to fight at 8st 8lb, for £10 a-side, on Tuesday, September 30.

SLASHING FIGHT

BETWEEN

J. REGAN AND BARNEY REGAN, FOR £20.

On Tuesday, August 2, two novices, who both rejoiced in the cognomen of Regan, (but not relatives) christened Jerry and Barney respectively, met in the home circuit to fight for £10 a side. Both were backed from the south side of the water, and according to the articles, were confined to 11st, which weight, at Jimmy Welsh's, on Monday, was just pulled down by Master Jerry, while Barney only weighed 10st 7lb in all his clothes. A well-known spot was chosen, and everything went *coleur de rose* there being no interruption, and no time cut to waste in the preparations. The betting, as the men stripped, was 2 to 1 on Jerry Regan, who is twenty-two years of age, 5ft 9¼in. in height, and 11st in weight. Barney Regan is only eighteen years of age, having been born on June 10, 1844; he stands 5ft. 6½in., and when stripped, weighed about 10st. Jerry Regan won the toss for corners, and chose the one with his back to the sun. He had for his seconds Young Harrington and George Henley, his opponent receiving the assistance of Job Cobley and Jem Dillon. All being ready, exactly at 24 min. past two P. M. the men were sent to the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men were delivered from their seconds' hands, they were cheered most vociferously by their friends, who were rather noisy, but otherwise very well conducted. Jerry Regan is a fine specimen of a boxer as regards make, &c., and is, to a certain extent, a *fac simile* of Heenan, both in build and the manner in which he stood, trusting to his left-handed deliveries for his success. He is straight on his pins, and, with a good chest and well-developed shoulders, promises, with more training, to prove a tough customer to most middling men of his weight. There was a great disparity in the size, as Jerry Regan contrasted greatly with his antagonist, not only by his height, but also by the manner in which he stood, being so erect in his attitude. Barney Regan is a fine specimen of the gladiator, but, despite his immense muscular development for a youngster, he looked what he really is, a juvenile. His attitude was correct, and the manner in which he held his digits, showed that he was not a thorough novice. Very little time was lost in sparring, both being equally eager to commence "the game." Jerry led off with his left, but was short; trying again, he met with better luck by getting home a little one on the left eyebrow. Barney, who was short with the left, followed up with his right, which brought on exchanges in which both got home with the right on the side of the head until they broke away. Quick sparring soon brought them to within distance, when Jerry was again short with the left; right-handed exchanges, Jerry getting well on the body and Barney on the shoulder, after which Barney slipped down. An appeal was made by Henley in regard to Barney falling without a blow, which was overruled. As the men were carried to their corners, plenty of chaff passed, and offers were made to back Jerry at 2 to 1.

2. Both came up eagerly to the call of time, and eager for the fray. Barney had a bump over the left eye, and with his nose flushed; Jerry with a slight flush on the forehead. No time was wasted in the preliminaries before Barney dashed out his left at the head, which was prettily stopped, and Jerry, in return, landed his left rather warmly on the cheek, receiving a late counter on the forehead. Jerry, determined to be busy, got his left well home on the body, which brought on a close, in which both were very active on the body and side of the head, until Jerry went down at the ropes. More chaff betwixt the lookers-on, and more offers to back Jerry Regan at 2 to 1, which met with no response.

3. Barney came up eagerly, with a bump on his forehead, Jerry having his jaw slightly swollen. As soon as they fairly faced each other, Jerry dashed his left on the nose, staggering the little one, and stopping Barney's return. A couple of rattling exchanges on the body, and they closed. A break-away was the next performance, in consequence of both missing with their right. Both meaning business, they were soon "at it," and counters with the left passed, Jerry, who was first, just barking Barney on the nose, who planted one just sufficient to graze the skin off Jerry's left eyebrow. These small preliminaries appeared to warm the boxers up, for a couple of vicious left-hand counters passed, but being "rather" too high, the only effect was to stagger both. Jerry was called upon by his seconds to steady himself, which he responded to by dashing his left "a regular hot 'un" into Barney's mouth, loosening a tooth or two, and drawing lots of blood (settling the "first blood" question), and again getting on the left eye. Barney was by no means lazy, as he landed his right on the forehead; this forced a rattling rally, in which both were hard to work, until they fought to the ropes, where Jerry was back-heeled and Barney fell on him. Time, 6 min.

4. Barney came up bleeding profusely from the mouth, and with a lump on his left eyebrow. Jerry had only his left eyebrow cut, and his left hand cut severely, where it met the teeth of his opponent in the flush hit on the mouth. Barney led off wildly with the left at the body, bringing on left-handed counters in Jerry's favor, until they closed, when the exchanges were of a most determined character, until the struggle for the fall, when Barney was screwed down.

5. Barney was bleeding as before, but full of courage, although blowing. Jerry was also piping, but he no sooner got within reach than he dashed his left on the nose, drawing a fresh supply from a fresh cut on the bridge. This proceeding riled Master Barney, who dashed in, and, after a couple of right-handed exchanges, they got to the ropes, where a struggle for the fall took place, Jerry eventually going down.

6. Barney came on as clean as his seconds could send him up, but he was still bleeding from the mouth and nose, and with eyes swollen. The "big 'un" was almost scathless. As before, no time was lost in sparring before Jerry visited the nose with his left. Barney missed his right in the return. Jerry was short with the left, but, trying again, was successful, and, following his lead, fought Barney down at the ropes.

7. After a long time, Jerry was up first, and took a knee from Henley in the middle of the ring until Barney came up to the scratch. Only a couple of feints took place before the left was twice again on Barney's nose with stinging effect, Barney on the body and side of the head, and the little one, not to be denied, after missing a right-handed cross-counter, dashed in, meeting a shot from the left, but rather too high. A close ensued, and after a rough scramble, both were down in Jerry's corner, Barney uppermost. Time, 14 min.

8. Barney's face was anything but a pleasing object as he came up, there being scarcely a spot free from the effects of Jerry's handiwork, while the latter only had a slight cut over each eyebrow, and a little bump on the nose. Jerry, as before, planted the left, receiving a right-handed cross-counter from Barney, who succeeded twice more in administering the same punishment. This brought on a close and some good exchanges, in which "Jack was as good as his master," until Barney was fought down.

9. Barney, who had given his seconds plenty of work, was sent up wonderfully clean, considering his punishment, but still the contusions were plainly evident. Jerry, beyond showing a trifle of weakness from the fast fighting, was almost without a mark. Jerry, who had received orders to force the fighting, went to work and planted his left well on the right eyebrow, establishing a fresh cut, and, trying the double, got on the mouth. Barney delivered his right on the body, but not effectively. Jerry, who had much the best of the in-fighting, in consequence of his length and weight, caught hold of Barney, and got him off his legs, but slipping, was under in the fall.

10. Jerry planted the left several times on the nose and mouth, Barney, in return, getting on the side of the head and body; but, from the fact of Jerry being first, his blows were almost harmless. Exchanges took place until they closed, when Barney was thrown rather heavily. Time, 19 min.

11 to 14. It was evident, bar accidents, that Jerry Regan held the palm of victory over his Hibernian namesake, who, although as game as a pebble, wanted length and strength to do battle with a chance of success against "Mr. Jerry," who, although once or twice rather weak on his "pins," did not forget to use his left with great precision on the head and face of "poor Barney," whose game onslaughts at in-fighting brought "more pepper" to his mill, and with the exception of the 13th, where Jerry was down from a right-hander on the body, was fought down in each round.

15 to 17 and last. The tremendous fighting in the previous rounds had told its tale, and Barney came up much against the inclination of his seconds, who had advised him, at the conclusion of the last few rounds, to "turn it up;" but the game fellow would not. It was not until Jerry increased upon his previous lead, and thrown him severely in the last, that Barney would listen to judicious reasoning, when the sponge was thrown up in token of his defeat, and Jerry Regan declared the winner, after fighting *thirty-nine minutes*.

REMARKS.

There are but few remarks required respecting the above fight. The affair from the commencement to the finish was of the most determined and effective character. Fighting was carried out all through, and the battle was won by the bigger and stronger man, who took a decided lead from the commencement, for, after a few rounds, there was no chance for the youngster, who was already fighting against hope. Barney Regan, although defeated, has proved himself one of the gamest of the game, and, overmatched as he was, persevered in the most determined manner to such an extent that, considering his youth, he has given promise of future excellence. The winner has broken the ice, and has performed more than respectably; but still, from the favorable terms on which he was matched, no other result could have been expected. He left the ring almost scatheless, and bore his honors very quietly. The loser was much cut up with his defeat, and was severely punished about the face, though not seriously injured elsewhere.

A MERRY LITTLE MILL IN THE MIDLAND DISTRICT, at catch-weight, for a "fiver," between a couple of novices, Jerry Sullivan (a sprig of the Emerald Isle) and "Chummey" (a Knight of the Brush), both of Birmingham. Monday, August 1st, was agreed upon for a display of their pugilistic acquirements, and at an early hour they repaired to the field of action, known as Barrow's, the scene of many a hard-fought battle. Some little money was invested at 5 to 4 on Chummey, whose friends considered it a "moral;" but after proceedings proved that they had "caught a Tartar," Sullivan exhibiting, for a novice, some undeniable game points, and astonishing the oppositionists by a display of tactics and generalship which they had never for a moment previously contemplated. Neither had hitherto been before the public in the ring, although they have individually disposed of a few opponents in various combats quietly. A referee having been chosen, the lads made their toilets for the fray, and at half-past seven, Sullivan, who was the taller and the heavier man, was the first to shy his cap of defiance into the magic circle, but was immediately followed by his smaller adversary, and hostilities at once commenced by the Irish lad landing a hot 'un with his left straight from the shoulder on the knight's nasal organ, thus obtaining first blood and first knock-down blow in the first round—both claimed and allowed. Five more rounds were fought, occupying twenty minutes, all in favor of Paddy, notwithstanding all Chummey's endeavors to stem the tide of illfortune, when those unwelcome guardians, the "blues," interfered, rendering an adjournment necessary, which was made for Bromford, some six miles out of Birmingham, the authorities still in pursuit, and again spoiling sport. A consultation was now held, when the referee ordered the "lads" to meet at three o'clock the same afternoon, at the first rendezvous (Barrow's Field), for a resumption of the business. This *ruse* threw the police entirely off the scent, and the battle was brought to a satisfactory conclusion, after fighting thirteen more rounds. To particularize the performance of the men in the second ring would be superfluous; suffice it to say, that Sullivan maintained the advantage that he obtained in the first round Chummey, who was reported to be very clever with the mittens, disappointed his friends, as he evidently lacked the requirements to make a good boxer, he being very badly punished, and, moreover, inclined to show the "white feather" after the first punishing round. On the other hand, from the manner in which Sullivan fought, he will most probably be heard of to advantage, as he will prove a teazer to any lad of his weight—7st 10lb. In all, some nineteen rounds were fought, occupying 1 hour 14 min., all in favor of Sullivan, who took the lead, and held it throughout.

BOB TRAVERS' BENEFIT.—Monday, August 4, was the day set apart for the benefit of Bob Travers, who had so gallantly contested in the roped arena with Patsy Reardon some short time since, but it is feared that it is anything but a benefit in a pecuniary sense. The sports of the day commenced with a 440 yards handicap; first prize, 30s.; second, 10s.; third, 5s.; and resulted as follows:—Heat 1: James, 40 yards start, first; Miller, 25, second. James made all the running, and won easily. Shepherd, scratch; Nigger, 15; Holloway Novice, 15; and Fort, 30, also started, but did not pass the post. Heat 2: Perry, 5; Golder, 15; Howe, 25; and Brackel, 40, came to their marks. This, like the first heat, was won by the light-weight Brackel, who made all the running; Howes, second; no other passing the judge's chair. Heat 3: Davis, 10; Ross, 15; Howes (of the Strand), 30; and Corkey, 40, stand. In rounding the Pagoda turn in the first lap, Howes took the lead, and, passing the winning-post the first time, Ross ran into second place, Corkey going on third. At the top of the hill, Davis cut it, the other three going on together, Howes winning a good race by a yard, Ross second, Corkey third. Final heat: The winners of the above heats had now to run off, and after a short rest, came to their respective marks, and on getting the signal, James went of at his best pace, and soon showed the way by five or six yards, Brackel second, Howes (of the Strand) third, and in this order the race was finished, James winning by ten yards, Brackel second, the same distance in front of Howes. Then began the friendly bouts in the roped arena, and to give a greater semblance of the real thing, the ropes and stakes of the P.B.A., the identical ones manufactured for the fight between Jem Mace and Tom King, for the championship, and to identify it in even a more marked manner, Inspector Billy Duncan acted as M.C. The first couple that appeared in the magic circle were Liddle and Smith, who had three rounds, in which, if they displayed no particular cleverness, they made up for it in earnestness. Stebbings and Callaghan then had four bouts, in which some good give and take qualities were exhibited. M'Kew and Hawkes had three merry bustling rounds, in which Jack was as good as his Master. Hill and Lennard had five friendly rounds. Jackson and Sullivan had an amusing turn, in which no harm was done on either side. Young Dove and Young Perkins (who ought to be called "The Shadow," weighing, we should think, to look at him, 5st nothing, light) had a very spirited turn of three rounds. Poulson (no relation to Harry) and Crawley, and Dillon and Cobley, had some friendly play. Tom Tyler and Dan Morris then came together, and their performance was the spar of the day, each exhibiting some fine points in the art of hitting and stopping, though Tyler, who was much the cleverest, had the best of it, round after round. Billy Duncan told them to leave off, but nothing could persuade them, and altogether they *fought* nine rounds. Tom Paddock and Ould Nat had a few minutes' fun; also, Bill Barry and Hawkes. Gollagher and Young Baldock made a good spar. Jemmy Shaw and Tony Burt made the spectators laugh. Dutch Sam and Jenkins treated the company to two or three fine rounds. Then came the wind-up between the *beneficiare* and his friend and backer, Alec Keene, who, after Bob had expressed his thanks to those present for their support, and his brother "pugs" for their assistance, wound up the proceedings of the day with a couple of spirited rounds. Harry Orme, Billy Shaw, George Brown, Jack Hicks, Bos Tyler, and several others were present, prepared to do battle on behalf of the gallant Bob, but darkness coming on, prevented them "peeling." Everything went off in the smoothest manner possible, and the spectators were much indebted to W. Price and Billy Duncan for the excellent arrangements, enabling every one to get a clear view of all the sports.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GREAT TEN-MILE RACE IN IRELAND.—The sporting inhabitants of the Emerald Isle had a treat on Monday, July 28, a series of pedestrian sports having come off on that day at the Rotunda, Dublin. The interest centered in the day's amusements was greatly enhanced by the fact that E. Mills, the Six-mile Champion, S. Barker, and W. Richards, the Welshman, were to contend in a ten-miles race. The business of the day commenced with a race for youths under fifteen, which was won by Master J. Rynd. He waited patiently until all his competitors were pumped out, and then came home an easy winner by three or four yards.

The mile handicap for "lads," was won by P. Flood; P. M'Queen being second. The mile handicap for "men," was won by T. Allen; Boyne, whose name was not on the card, being second. The 440 yards handicap race for "men," was won by J. Clarke, P. Canavan second.

Then came the event of the day between the three men named above. The trio were marshaled to their appointed places—Mills at the "scratch," Barker having gone one lap start, and Richards three laps. The distance was ten miles, and the course had to be traversed seventy six times or "laps," and a distance of 140 yards. At the word "go," Mills made the running, Barker following close on his footsteps, and Richards about four yards from the latter's heels. In this order they ran, Richards gradually retiring farther to the rear for five miles, when Barker went up to the shoulder of Mills, and soon passed him, holding a few yards lead for the distance of a lap, when Mills again dashed to the fore, amidst tremendous cheering. Meanwhile the Welchman was still retiring, and when about thirty rounds had been traversed, he had lost one of his laps, Mills going on before him, and Barker behind him for some distance, when Barker put on a spurt, and, shooting past both his leaders, held command for about a lap, when Mills again dashed to the fore, Richards and Barker running side by side, and leading alternately for a brief period, Mills gradually increasing his advantage until he had again overhauled Richards, who had now lost two out of his three laps' start. Barker now gradually fell away until he had also lost the lap allowed him at start, and Richards coming back until he had lost his remaining lap; the three made a good race, leading in their turn, until they entered the last round of the course, when Mills shot ahead, and, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of Barker to reach him, won by a couple of yards. The following is the correct time—

Miles.	RICHARD. m.	s.	BARKER. m.	s.	MILLS. m.	s.
1st	4	48	4	48	4	48
2d	10	12	10	7	10	7
3d	15	50	15	35	15	35
4th	21	25	20	42	20	42
5th	28	30	26	13	26	12
6th	34	5	32	30	32	28
7th	40	8	38	34	38	28
8th	46	8	44	26	44	9
9th	51	45	50	14	49	27
10th					55	11

A CHAPTER ON SLOW BOWLING.

The following remarks on the famous cricketer, the late Clarke, and his slow bowling, will be read with interest by the admirers of the game:—

"Clarke's was nothing more or less than a good specimen of the old underhand bowling come up again.

"We are well aware men are unwilling to admit this. They talk of Clarke's 'slows,' and now 'slows' is the name for almost all underhand bowling—for Tinley's or Mr. Vincent Walker's, which will run down to the pavilion, if Longstop misses it, all the same.

"But, slow or not, Clarke used to exult in sending men back after their gloves; and, as he once said to us, 'it wants a certain pace to make a really good ball.'

"The truth was, that Clarke succeeded by virtue of two things in his bowling, one of which he knew himself, and the other of which we claim the credit of having told him; he never knew it before, though he caught at our explanation and appropriated it very fast, when we did tell him of it.

"1. What Clarke thought was, that it was entirely the pitch—the exact length—what did the mischief. This was a great point, no doubt, but not all. Else, how was it that he settled in five minutes many a man who could play Lillywhite for half an hour? Still, the exact length, according to the player's deficiencies, besides varying the pace, and (which Clarke boasted he alone could do) without indicating the change by anything observable in his delivery, this alone were enough to dispose of most men, especially if we consider that Clarke had naturally a bias in his delivery; he said that his elbow was bowed from an accident to his arm, and that if he bowled up to the pavilion instead of down at Lord's, the bias, from the slope of the ground, was too great to be useful. Now, a bias with underhand bowling is more effective, because more insidious, than with a high delivery; and if a man played 'fast-footed' and forward, Clarke could bowl a ball that would miss his bat, or take the edge for the benefit of a short slip.

"We remember once saying, "How do you dispose of Mr. A. C.?"

"'Nothing easier, sir. I bowl him three balls to make him proud of his forward play, and then with the fourth I pitch shorter, twist, and catch him at the slip.'

"'The way,' said John Marshall, 'Clarke has foretold me what chance he would give me at cover, is among the marvels of the game.'

"Every cricketer knows that there is a spot between the batsman and the bowler which, when the ball pitches on it, 'causes,' as Mr. Felix said, 'the most indescribable sensations.' 'Every player knows that out of many good lengths he will have one far more perplexing than another. Now, it was this very length that Clarke most cruelly would bowl; it was this very spot on which most mercilessly he would pitch; and, though a man felt happy at having escaped the first ball of the sort, Clarke would soon see he did not like it, and that he winced under the operation, and, coolly remarking, "We shall have a accident, Muster Felix, I know we shall," he would repeat the dose, and generally with effect. 'In short, sir,' said one man, in intense disgust, 'Clarke began with establishing a raw (finding out a sore place), and after that, he worked away most pitilessly till he brought me to grief.'

"2. But what Clarke did not know till we told him, was that the real difficulty lay in the *curve*. Men thought it was the tediously slow pace. Absurd! As if a slow ball were harder to see than a swift one. That it may be harder to judge because you have a curve to allow for, is another matter. With a curve, till the ball begins to descend, you cannot tell it will not go over your head; again, the pitch can be nearer and the sight of the ball shorter. A curve never pitches as near as it appears to pitch. Descending in a curve, the rise is in a curve—if you cut, you may cut through it; if you hit across, you cannot be sure it will not also take the edge of your bat and fly up. Therefore, add the difficulties of the parabola to the tact, and precision, and the bias of Clarke's bowling, and no wonder he succeeded with men of whom not one in a thousand ever thought of what we now explain, and which it is essential to know.

"No doubt, when Clarke's name was once up, the very fear of him gave him no slight advantage. 'While standing point,' said Mr. Felix, 'I have seen a big strong fellow at the wicket, the bat literally trembling in his hand. Really, I have quite felt for many a man when Clarke was bowling at him; and after being dodged and nonplussed, it seemed, however absurd to say so, quite a relief to a man who had come out for a day's pleasure, to be put out of his misery!'

"To Daniel Day and Caffyn, Clarke once bowled sixty balls without a run; but if he puzzled Daniel when batting, he really taught him to bowl. For one or two seasons Daniel Day's bowling was true enough to venture upon to Clarke's fancy. We mean, that no bowler who does not bowl true can venture 'to pitch well up,' and to drive the batsman into forward play; because a leg ball pitched well up ought never to go unpunished. But Day being sufficiently straight, Clarke bowled him in his All-England Eleven during the whole of one season. And his advice, or rather instructions, were these: 'Mind, Daniel, whatever you do, that you never let any man play you back. Most men are rather weak in their forward play; so that is the point on which to try them—and all men want time to see and think about it after the ball is pitched, so that is the very accommodation you must not let them have.' The consequence was that Daniel Day astonished himself as well as others with the execution of his bowling. Would that we had a Clarke to teach the bowlers of the present day! For now the play is almost entirely back, and over after over is bowled without any attempt on the part of the bowler to give a shorter and a shorter sight of the ball till the batsman is driven on to forward play.

"Players will tell you that the old style is replaced by something better in the way of forward play. We have heard Parr say that the same lengths which Pilch and his cotemporaries used to lay down before a forward bat, players would now drive away for threes and fours, and that, therefore, bowlers dare not bowl such lengths. But he will allow us to say that the thing is impossible to be done player-like and safely. That there is a way of hitting forward before the rise of the ball is seen, and making guess hits—risking a catch if the ball rises too much, and risking a wicket if it does not rise at all—we are well aware. This is the secret of Caffyn's brilliant hits; for, hits between wind and water, or that free swing of the bat which by good luck meets the ball sharply springing from the ground, look very brilliant. But Lillywhite and Cobbett would repeat the same ball, not at all discouraged by such hits as these. We well remember Lillywhite exclaiming, 'If he can hit that, sir, he can hit anything; but we'll try him again another pace; depend on it, that isn't the play to last.' The ball repeated took the middle stump."—*From Cricketana, in "London Society" for August.*

RIFLE SHOOTING.—The Prince of Wales' Cup was fired for at Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Thursday, August 14, and was won by Mr. John Marks, of St. Stephen, N. B. Mr. Marks made 21 points; Mr. Harper, of P. E. Island, 20; and Mr. Neville, of Halifax, N. S., 18; so that the contest was spirited and the odds not great. Mr. Haviland (commander of the brigade) states that the Prince Edward Island volunteers thank their brothers in arms of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia for their visit, and adds that the Cup was honorably contested for and honorably lost.

WHAT IS A BATTLE.

A battle, after all, is only a pummelling match on a large scale; the side which can best stand being beaten has the best chance of beating.

That men are not afraid while the battle is raging around them, and comrades falling fast on all sides, is very true; but that is not because they are too brave not to know what fear is, which is only an absurd way of saying that they are too irrational to know what their danger is, but because a passive emotion of fear is incompatible with the active exertion required of head, legs, and arms. The commander-in-chief has to think, and the full private to act during the action, and both thinking and acting are states which put an end, for the time present, to the sympathetic emotions. The surgeon, amputating a patient's limb, is conscious of nothing but the operation itself. If he were to give way for an instant he would be unnerved and unarmed. During the trying quarter of an hour he is a being of pure intellect, devoid of feeling or emotion of any kind. And unless he could put his understanding under an exhausted receiver, and work it for the time in vacuo, he might give up surgery, and had better adopt the study of the fine arts instead.

We would not say that the general that is most brave will win the day, but he that fears least; nor is the distinction a mere trifling about words. The normal state of two armies marching to battle is the state of fear; the general trembling for his reputation, the drummer-boy for the lass that he left behind, and the lips he kissed so fondly when drawn for a conscript a few days before. To all that mighty host there is the awful alternative, death or victory; it may not be a peerage or Westminster Abbey to all, but the prize is in proportion to the stake. The commander-in-chief stakes his on the issue, and so does the drummer-boy. The one cannot hazard more than life and honor, and the other cannot hazard less. In such a lottery as this the boldest may hold his breath, and the ball whizzes in the roulette of battle, and fortune hangs in suspense between the combatants.

This is why many excellent and able men have been unable to qualify themselves for the profession of a surgeon. They were unable to master their passive emotions in the operating room: their nerves are too finely strung, and consequently their intellect never had fair play; they could never rise to the perception of the beauty of an operation, and forget the sufferings of the patient. A surgeon is not heartless, as some suppose, because he forgets the one class of emotions. If the patient were a dear relative, he would not attempt the operation. A look might unnerve him, and the more the feelings are compressed, the greater their gush when once the self-command is lost, and, like waters breaking through a dam, they sweep all before them.

To apply these remarks to a field of battle. Men there screw their courage to the sticking place. They do talk nonsense about not knowing what fear means, but, like Macbeth, they can do all that does become a man—who dares do more is none. Sir Alexander Ball, than whom a braver man never walked the quarter-deck, confessed that, when a boy, he was put into the ship's launch on a cutting out expedition; he felt the tears rise in his eyes, and he would have given worlds to choke down his emotions; but a kind word from an old boatswain soon set him all right again, and once the first natural gush of fear was gone under, he felt no more return of it, and got on in action as well as the oldest seamen. This is the real state of armies going into action: at first the strong sense of danger is uppermost in their minds, but as soon as this is conquered by the sense of duty, there is then no return of these qualms, unless, as sometimes happens, the army finds itself in a trap or a cul-de-sac, with cannon on all sides, and then the sensation of fear returns with overwhelming strength, in proportion as it has been kept under so long.

HEALTHFUL OBSERVANCES.

1. To eat when you do not feel like it, is brutal, nay, this is a slander on the lower animals, they do not so debase themselves.

2. Do not enter a sick chamber on an empty stomach, nor remain as a watcher or nurse until you feel almost exhausted, not sit between the patient and the fire, nor in the direction of a current of air from the patient toward yourself, nor eat or drink anything after being in a sick room until you have rinsed your mouth thoroughly.

3. Do not sleep in any garment worn during the day.

4. Most grown persons are unable to sleep soundly and refreshingly, over seven hours in summer, and eight in winter; the attempt to force more sleep on the system by a nap in the daytime, or a "second nap" in the morning, renders the whole of the sleep disturbed and imperfect.

5. Some of the most painful "stomach aches" are occasioned by indigestion! this generates wind, and hence distension. It is often promptly remedied by kneading the abdomen with the ball of the hand, skin to skin, from one side to another, from the lower edge of the ribs downwards, because the accumulated air is forced on and outwards along the alimentary canal.

6. When you return to your house from a long walk or other exhaustive exercise, go to the fire or warm room, and do not remove a single article of clothing until you have taken a cup or more of some kind of hot drink.

7. In going in to a colder atmosphere, keep the mouth closed, and walk with a rapidity sufficient to keep off a feeling of chilliness.

8. Two pairs of thin stockings will keep the feet warmer than one pair of a greater thickness than both.

9. The night sweats of disease come on towards daylight; their deathly clamminess and coldness is greatly modified by sleeping in a single, loose, long woolen shirt.

10. The man or woman who drinks a cup of strong tea or coffee, or other stimulant, in order to aid in the better performance of any work or duty, public or private, is a fool, because it is to the body and brain an expenditure of what is not yet got; it is using power in advance, and this can never be done, even once, with impunity.

11. The less a man drinks of anything in hot weather the better, for the more we drink, the more we want to drink, until even ice water pales and becomes of a metallic taste; hence the longer you can put off drinking cold water on the morning of a hot day, the better you will feel at night.

12. Drinking largely at meals, even of cold water or simple teas, is a mere habit, and is always hurtful. No one should drink at any one meal more than a quarter of a pint of any liquid, even of cold water, for it always retards, impairs and interferes with a healthful digestion.

13. If you sleep at all in the daytime, it will interfere with the soundness of your sleep at night, much less if the nap be taken in the forenoon.

14. A short nap in the daytime may be necessary to some. Let it not exceed ten minutes; to this end sleep with the forehead resting on a chair back or edge of the table.

15. Never swallow an atom of food while in a passion, or if under any great mental excitement, whether of a depressing or elevating character; brutes won't do it—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A NOVEL TIGHT ROPE PERFORMANCE.

An interesting narrative of an Indian rope feat appears in the London *Field*, signed by F. T. Buckland, who tells the story as follows: SIR—I have been requested to be present at, and give my opinion on, a performance which I hardly know whether to call a feat of strength or a feat of ingenuity. I was challenged to tie the performer of this feat in a chair with a rope, in any number of knots, in such a manner that he could not get loose. Accordingly I presented myself at the time and place appointed, and half suspecting some sleight-of-hand trick, provided myself with several yards of very strong rope. The performer, an intelligent and rather good-looking young man, sat himself in a common wooden kitchen chair, and presented me with his rope. I asked if he had any objections to my using my rope. "None whatever," was the reply; "and you may tie me in, any way and with as tight knots as you please." Having examined the chair to see that all was right and above board, I proceeded first to pinion the arms of the young man, who sat down on the chair, pinioning them "Jack Ketch fashion," behind his body. I then lashed them, tied as they were, tightly, with many knots and twistings, to the back of the chair. I then tied his two wrists tightly to the legs of the chair, pulling the ropes, I fear, cruelly tight, as the man afterwards showed me where I had cut the skin; but he did not complain of this a bit, as he had offered me the challenge. I then, by means of "double hitches," fastened each ancle to the corresponding leg of the chair, then tied both legs together, finishing off the rope with an attachment to the back rail of the chair. I then tied up his body, twisting the rope round and round, and fastening it wherever I could get a chance. The performer was now, indeed, bound hand and foot, and could hardly move in any direction whatever. A large linen extinguisher was then placed over him, tied as he was, and I and the other spectators stood round, at a little distance, to see that no collusion took place. In four minutes and a half the performer gave the signal, the extinguisher was removed, and there sat the young man, perfectly free and unbound, and the ropes at his feet. I had tied him with seven pieces of rope—the usual number was four—and the seven pieces of rope lay at his feet, in no way injured or cut, except at the places where I had cut them off the main piece, and I had taken the precaution to mark my own cuts, so as to know them again. I have not the slightest idea how the performer managed to loose himself. I fancy that he must use actual physical strength in so doing, as he seemed exhausted, and in a profuse perspiration. The readers of the *Field*, who have seen the trick in India, where I believe it is frequently performed, may be able to throw some light on the matter. I understand that the performer of this Indian rope feat is now engaged at Cremorne, and that he challenges all comers to tie him so tight in the chair that he cannot unloose himself.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE "OUGH."—The ending syllable "ough," which is such a terror to foreigners, is shown up in its several pronunciations in the following lines:—

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray, let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now, I must be off to my plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough)
Must keep off the flies with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

HABITS are as easily caught as "yaller birds." Let a circus arrive in town, and in less than a week, half the boys in town will be throwing somersets, and breaking their necks over an empty mackerel barrel.

HE AND SHE.—An Irish pedagogue recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should be applied to all ships and vessels afloat, excepting *mail steamers* and *men*-of-war.

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E. W. PRESCOTT.	F. WILMARTH,
J. L. GILBERT,	R. FREDERICKS,
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20-1t* GEO. F. FULLER, Lessee and Manager.

WM. H. VINCENT (or JACKSON,) formerly of White's Opera House, New York, and now supposed to be in California, or any person knowing his whereabouts, will please send his address to FRANK JACKSON, care FRANK QUEEN, and confer a favor on one of his friends. 20-1t

GROVER'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Season commences SATURDAY, Aug. 30, 1862. Ladies and Gentlemen engaged will please be present for rehearsal THURSDAY NOON, August 28. Each person engaged will please address a letter immediately upon seeing this Advertisement, to the undersigned. Railroad Tickets for those requiring will be at Adams R. R. Agency, Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y., on Wednesday, Aug. 27. LEONARD GROVER, Washington, D. C. 20-1t*

THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—SAM CANTY, Esq., the well known author of several of our most popular dramas, having just completed the patriotic sketch entitled, "The Traitor's Dream; or, The Reunion of the North and South," consisting of a series of Scenes and Tableaux, with 1000 Lithographs representing the different Tableaux, is now prepared, with his entire Troupe, to take engagements for six or twelve nights. Managers wishing to engage the CANTY TROUPE, can do so by applying to JAS. CONNER, Theatrical Agent, 614½ Broadway. 15-tf

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

WOLF'S CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, late Continental Theatre, Philadelphia. First class performers treated with on liberal terms. Address WM. WOLF, Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, 14-tf

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Ohio. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to engage for the coming Fall and Winter season, commencing on or about the 8th of September, will please address, post paid, I. ELLSLER, Jr., Manager. 14-tf

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
STARS desirous of visiting Montreal, can apply to
8-3m* J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE, HARTFORD.—This new and beautiful Theatre will be finished on or about the 1st of September. Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent, and first class Stars, wishing engagements for the Fall and Winter Season, will address the undersigned immediately.
19-2t* THOS. HAMPTON, Sole Lessee and Manager.

BALTIMORE MELODEON.—First class Performers of all kinds can secure good engagements, by applying to
ALBERT LEA, Manager and Proprietor Melodeon,
Baltimore.
N. B. I will pay more salary to good Performers than any other Concert Saloon in America. 18-tf

NEGRO PERFORMERS WANTED.—Three or four good negro comedians wanted immediately.
Apply to R. W. BUTLER,
18 American Music Hall, 444 Broadway.

AT A MEETING OF THE "ACTOR'S ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP," held at their room, Philadelphia, August 1st, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—
Whereas, It has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from our midst, Brother WILLIAM A. WOOD, and whereas, we have always recognized in him a good and worthy brother, bound to us by the ties of Honor, Union, and Justice, therefore
Resolved, That in the death of Brother WOOD we mourn the loss of one who, by his private worth and professional excellence, has made himself esteemed and beloved by all who knew him.
Resolved, That we tender our most sincere sympathy and condolence to his bereaved widow and family in this their great affliction. And further be it
Resolved, That the Brothers of this Order attend the funeral in a body, wearing the usual symbol of mourning.
The members of the theatrical profession, and members of the "National Guard" are respectfully invited to co-operate with this Order in testifying their respect and regard towards the memory of their deceased Brother and Associate by attending the funeral from his late residence, No. 953 Warnock street, Sunday afternoon, August 3d, at 2 o'clock, to proceed to Glenwood Cemetery. THOMAS McKEON, President A. O. of F.
GEORGE W. JOHNSON, Secretary pro tem.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
The ladies and gentlemen of the company will please take notice that this theatre will open on the 8th of September, and be in readiness for rehearsal on the 5th of said month.
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Manager and Proprietor.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A young and attractive lady for chambermaids—must sing. Also, a 1st walking lady, heavy man, 1st walking gent, 2d old man, and prompter.
Stars liberally treated with. 20-3t

BUTLER'S MELODEON,
421 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Will open on or about the 1st of Sept.
Ethiopian performers, Danseuses, Vocalists, Comedians, Comic Singers, Gymnasts, Ladies of the Ballet, &c., &c., wishing engagements, will apply immediately to WILLIAM BUTLER,
1t Melodeon, 421 Callowhill st., Philad'a.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. Charles H. Castle (agent of Goodwin & Wilder's Circus,) H. Willard, Felix Vincent, W. C. Thompson, Paul Berger, J. P. Winters, Joseph Proctor, Fred. Williams, A. J. Talbot, R. H. Armstrong, J. H. Myers, and the Misses Ida Grey, and Anna Dillingham.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Aug. 25, '62.

"Time wears on apace," and before another issue of the CLIPPER, the summer will have been ended, and our absent friends will be packing up for home, to resume the cares of business, or, perchance, to be drafted as "ball-stoppers" in the "new levy." The theatrical profession has already a large representation in the army of the Union: men who gave up the tinsel show of mimic life to enter upon the stern realities of a patriot's duty to his country, when this rebellion first saw the light. Some have gone to that bourne beyond the sea of life, never to return; some have returned to their families maimed and mutilated for life, mere wrecks of humanity, but with hearts still beating time to "the music of the Union." Others, again, are still in the ranks, enduring, and still willing to endure, every privation of a soldier's life so that the country may be restored to its former glory and enviable position among the many nations of the earth. Yes, the actor has played well his part, and done a good share towards suppressing the rebellion—and done it voluntary, too. What the coming draft may do, a few days will suffice to inform us. Engagements entered into between manager and man may be at once sundered, and the hopes of both blighted; for the leading heavy, or the genteel, light comedian, or the desperate villain, on whom the manager may rest his hopes, may be among the number "chosen." To be sure, in such cases, money may be forthcoming to "take on a sub." The little people, those poor players who have not the wherewith to meet the demands of substitutes, and who generally have the largest families—why, we cannot tell—will be the sufferers. If *they* are drafted, they must go. Managers will not miss *them*, greatly; besides, *their* places can be readily filled with others, now idle, but who are hoping that such a "contingency" may arise. Some will profit by the draft, some will be ruined. It comes upon the profession just as the fall and winter campaign is opening, when the actor is about to resume active operations after a season of inactivity. The hopes of many a young aspirant for "histrionic fame" will be "nipped in the bud" by this chilling draft. "O! that one might read the book of fate, and see the revolution of the times. * * * The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through, what perils past, what crosses to ensue,—would shut the book, and sit him down and die." And yet, if come it must, the draft may touch us all more lightly than we anticipate, and the poor player be left to eke out his pittance upon the mimic boards, instead of being made to perform in a part "altogether out of his line," for the beggarly salary of thirteen dollars per month, with pork and beans, and "lodgings upon the cold, cold ground," thrown in. But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Very few places of amusement have returned anything over expenses during the season just closing. Probably, the "Cremorne Garden"—as it is called—has done as well as any other concern. It was a new thing for New Yorkers. It was brought to public notice by a great flourish of "printer's ink," advertisingly, and puffatory; much was promised—a little was fulfilled. A large number of persons were at first employed about the establishment, and efforts made to induce the belief that the "Cremorne" was an immense concern; but the opening dispelled whatever large ideas might have been entertained of the place. In some respects, it was a novelty, and introduced some pleasing features; in others, it revived some very old and very common-place performances. For some weeks, bad weather operated against the place, and money was lost. Then the number of employees was reduced, and salaries were also reduced, the speculation not proving as successful as had been looked for. Since the dry and warm season set in, however, the patronage has been more remunerative, and the profits more "visible." On the whole, however, we do not think "great expectations" have been realised. For a new enterprise of this character, new people and new performances should have been combined to make a fresh and attractive programme; instead of this, the manager gave us very few novelties, and very few people fresh in this city. One of the best features connected with the entertainments offered was the orchestra furnished by Mr. Thomas Baker, the popular leader at Laura Keene's. The idea of a "Cremorne Garden" in New York is a good one, and a place of the kind properly conducted by an energetic and liberal management, might be established here on a very profitable and permanent basis; but to accomplish this, artists of rare talents and abilities should be engaged, and brought out in quick succession. There should be no penny-wise and pound-foolish policy about the business—no stale or worn-out performances—no falling off in energy or ability when a good thing is once undertaken. Mr. Nixon has some clever ideas, but he lacks the stamina to carry them out in the same spirit in which they are conceived; he is not steady enough; he has too many irons in the fire at once, and frequently burns his fingers in the vain attempt to haul them out and work them up at one and the same time. He seems to plan things well enough, to a certain extent, but he needs a good, enterprising, steady, and go-ahead man to "boss the job," and him, too. Whether the "Cremorne" will be revived next season or not, we are not advised.

There's nothing like the military "star" to fill a theatre now-a-days. Col. Meagher did good service for a while, and now Col. Corcoran promises to be the great luminary. Already he is announced to appear at several places, and no doubt the presence of the returned prisoner will attract immense houses. His attendance at the New Bowery, to witness the drama of the "Peep o'Day Boys"—the original version—will prove an ovation, and Mr. Lingard will be able to test the capacity of his theatre to the fullest extent.

As an evidence of what Manager Butler means to do during the season just opening, we might refer to one of his latest engagements, that of Miss Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish Nightingale, whose charming voice has frequently been heard in the cause of charity here and elsewhere. Now, she is singing for her own benefit, and the amusement and pleasure of her hearers, at the American Music Hall, No. 444 Broadway. The season has opened splendidly, the attendance being quite large. Among the new faces at this house is that of Sam Ryan, the comedian. In the list of regulars we have the ever-welcome Tony Pastor, Charley White, L. Simmons, R. Hart, etc., etc.

There is nothing new at Wallack's, if we except the "Corcoran Quickstep," which is thrown out as a Celtic bait. How strange that we should have all these "Corcoran mementoes" just as the "Union martyr" reaches home, while nothing of the kind was thought of when the soldier was in confinement among the rebels. Anything for a change, however; so hurry up the "Corcoran Quickstep."

Wood's new hall of minstrelsy will cut into the theatres the coming season, for it is one of the most enjoyable places we have in this city; that such is the general impression, is evident from the large audiences that have been in attendance ever since the place opened, and that, too, through a season of general prostration of business. The company is now one of the most complete and talented ever organized, embracing three great comedians in the persons of Eph Horn, Charley Fox, and Frank Brower; a capital middle man and general performer in Cool White; excellent singers in Henry, Abecco, and Percy; the best of instrumentalists—comprising soloists of a high order, viz., P. B. Isaacs on the violin; Garatagua on the cornet; Haslem on the flute; and Abecco on the harp; to say nothing of a number of others, all good in their respective lines of business. The entertainments given are of a delightful character, embracing fun, sentiment, mirth, and music. The new company and the new hall are greatly appreciated, and Mr. Wood and his minstrels have at once come into popular favor.

The Winter Garden leads off in opening the fall and winter dramatic season, the first performance being set down for this evening, Aug. 25. Mr. A. W. Jackson remains the lessee and manager, with Mr. Lewis Baker as stage manager. The manager announces that "the house has been thoroughly refitted, and the chaste and beautiful auditorium newly decorated and painted. Thus refreshed, and with its youth renewed, the manager confidently hopes to retain for the Winter Garden, the high reputation it has always held as the most beautiful dramatic temple in New York." How cool and refreshing are such announcements in warm weather, and how easy it is for a manager to make such a "high reputation" for a theatre, in a newspaper advertisement; but managers are equal to any emergency. With a stroke of the pen they make their houses the coolest in the summer, and the warmest in the winter; by the same simple process they "renovate" their establishments at will, and make each theatre "par excellence" the theatre of the city. Why should we object? Why should we seek to dispel the sweet delusion under which our managers are supposed to exist? Why point out the really most beautiful theatre, when *all* are represented so to be by those in authority? We won't. The Winter Garden intends to run the season through on the star policy, opening with a trio of stars, Miss Kate Bateman, James W. Wallack, Jr., and Edwin Adams. It is intimated that negotiations are pending with Edwin Forrest, for the latest French sensation, Mr. Fechter. Very good. If successful in getting hold of these great tragedians, let them appear night and night about. Hi yi! wouldn't that set the town afire? Try it on, General Jackson, and see how the recruits will step to the captain's office.

Cubas is in this city, dancing at the Cremorne. She has been so little noticed lately, that some of the provincials have lost track of her. Nixon is dancing her too long in one place. The outside world may forget who she is before she gets around again.

Various rumors are in circulation relative to the old Wallack's Theatre, but in the absence of facts, we let them pass for the present.

The remarks in our issue of the 9th instant, in relation to the removal of the remains of William J. Hammond from the Stuyvesant Burying Ground (by St. Mark's Church) over to Evergreen Cemetery, have not of course had time to procure any response from England, where the deceased actor was generally known, and where his relatives resided. During the required interval, however, our editorial associates have furnished us with a few items which may somewhat interest the American public—always anxious to show itself regardful of propriety towards all foreign artists. William J. Hammond was undoubtedly an artist; and, had our community time to observe his great merits, no obscurity need rest over his place of interment. The highly respected correspondent, whose remarks in relation to William J. Hammond were quoted in our previous article, was mistaken in locating his first appearance in this country at the Park Theatre, New York, and therefore we now hasten to give some more particulars. Mr. Hammond was born in London, England. We cannot, at present, state the date—but he attained a decidedly distinguished position in his profession. He was the original Sam Weller, and became almost as popular as John Liston in Paul Pry. He married a sister of Douglas Jerrold; and, in 1842, he was lessee of the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. Having a great admiration for this country, he came over here, and made his first appearance on the American stage at Niblo's Garden, on the 8th Aug., 1848, and died on Thursday evening, the 24th of the same month. Deceased had been very unwell during the time he was playing at Niblo's, but nevertheless created a very favorable impression as Paul Pry, and was in a fair way to become a general favorite with our audiences when he sunk under the debilitating influences of the illness which had been induced by a change of climate. We have no doubt that some of deceased's friends or relatives in England will respond to our previous article, and we shall do whatever we can to forward their communications to the parties concerned here. As the Prologue to "King Henry VIII." says:—

"Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And followed with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!"

Something not on the bills took place at Wood's Minstrel Hall, 514 Broadway, on the 19th. A presentation scene was arranged in the most impromptu manner. Col. Frank Brower became the recipient of a pair of gold-mounted eyeglasses, bowed in a classic style, and enclosed in a neat case. The Colonel began to "see it" in a moment, although somewhat taken by surprise, and "frankly" expressed his sentiments of gratitude for the honor conveyed by the present, as well as for the present time. Cool White, the manager, was also middleman on this occasion, and stood between the present and the recipient while gracefully expressing, in a few words, the good wishes of the donors—the associates in that company of minstrels. After a rejoinder had been warmly made by Cool White, who hoped that Mr. Brower would always be able to see himself surrounded by similarly true friends, harmony and hilarity crowned the ceremonies of this happy occasion.

We now have good reason to believe that W. R. Blake has "actilly" withdrawn the weight of his influence from Manager Wallack, and soon "goes to scale" at Laura Keene's.

From various signs and tokens, we infer that Adah Isaacs Menken commences an engagement at the New Bowery about the 15th Sept.

The "most desartless" place of amusement in town, Isley's, has been the beautiful theatre on the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street.

"Faust and Marguerite" is in preparation at Niblo's. Messrs. Hayes and Elwyn are doing the scenery. J. B. Roberts is to be the Faust, and the Dr. knows how.

That complimentary to W. M. Fleming remains among those things which are talked about but not performed.

Mrs. (Matilda Heron) Stoepel has arrived in town with her husband, and they are at present stopping at the St. Denis Hotel. Mr. Stoepel is certainly to resume his place as musical conductor at Wallack's. The lady is not sufficiently restored to health for professional freedom of mind at present, although their tour to the White Mountains, Lake George, and round about the Katskills, etc., has somewhat mitigated her maternal grief.

Nearly all the nobodies who undertake to write about operatic matters now confess that nobody seems to know what anybody is going to do. That's so. Thimbles are numerous, but pens are scarce.

Laura Keene is said to be preparing something new for an opening piece. All right. As we have previously observed, if Laura only plays her cards from the right lead this time, she is safe as a manager. If not, not. Laura ought to have her own poet laureate.

Since John S. Clarke returned from Europe he has been obliged to visit Baltimore on account of the death of his mother in that city; but he will return home soon, and is said to be engaged at Winter Garden.

Mr. G. McDonald is in town, to obtain recruits for Manager Nickinson, at the Adelphi, Troy.

R. W. Butler is calling for more troops in his "negro brigade," or what might be a big brigade, if all "mustard and pepper" without blacking up. Joking apart, see his advertisement, and be lively in "shinning" to 444 Broadway, where good performers who may happen to be unemployed will find prompt engagements, full rations, and the usual extras of a determined leader.

Mr. Cowell is now the traveling agent for Mr. and Mrs. Wallack.

Lyn Verne, the recently arrived actor from England, will be in New-York this week. Address him at this office, for the present.

No doubt Gen. Corcoran has been the recipient of an immense number of congratulatory letters, many, it is true, of an unmeaning and really congratulatory character; but some breathing the spirit of self-interest rather than offering a truly hearty welcome to the returned soldier. Such is the case the world over, and we should not be surprised that New York can furnish her full quota of men of the latter stamp. There are others who look out for the seeming "interests" of the "public," who like to gratify the "people" with a sight of every celebrity, and who take the earliest opportunity to present such "novelties" to the notice of their patrons. One of the oddest *congratulatory* letters we have heard of, is that sent to Gen. Corcoran by the present manager of Wallack's theatre. It is such a delicate *morceau* that we feel it our duty to place it upon the theatrical record:—

WALLACK'S THEATRE, New York, August 18, 1862.

MY DEAR GENERAL.—Yesterday I heard of your release, and hasten to offer my congratulations. Upon your return to this city I am anxious that you should visit this establishment, at your earliest convenience, thus affording our citizens the long-sought-for opportunity to testify by their presence and plaudits their gratitude for your services on the field, and patient devotion while suffering in the prison-houses of the South.

An early acknowledgement of your reception and acceptance of this invitation will much oblige, truly yours,
W. J. FLORENCE.

Gen. MICHAEL CORCORAN, Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C.

Considering that the public have had a *free* opportunity to test their gratitude to the General for the services he has rendered the country, we do not see that the demonstration of the 23d can very well be improved on within the limits of a theatre, at 50 cents per head admission. Do you?

There is nothing fresh at Barnum's. The two dwarfs remain there for the present.

Niblo's has been doing well with Gabriel Ravel's troupe. The attendance has been very lively.

J. W. Wallack, Jr., and Edwin Adams will "co-operate" with Miss Bateman at the Winter Garden. "Co-operate" is good, and shows that Deacon Bateman is in a fair way to learn something from us, because the idea of such an artist as J. W. Wallack "supporting" any other performer, naturally causes the public mind to inquire into the professional standing of the party whom he is said to support.

Mr. M. W. Fiske left here on the 22d to "join issue" with the Cincinnati public, for the first time, having been engaged for the National.

Bryant's Minstrels, after a tour through the neighboring States, have returned to New York, and will resume operations at their hall this evening (Monday) Aug. 25. It was supposed that W. Newcomb, of Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels, would have been here to take "an end," in "conjunction" with Dan Bryant; but being detained in England, Nelse Symour has been engaged for the end business. Among other additions to the troupe are G. W. H. Griffin, a good basso, and Rollin Howard, delineator of female character, both late of Hooley's Minstrels. With those performers added, the company will now comprise Dan Bryant, Neil Bryant, Sher. Campbell, W. L. Hebbs, G. S. Fowler, J. Sivori, G. A. Conners, G. W. Charles, J. W. Hilton, D. D. Emmett, James Morrison, F. Gettings, T. J. Peel, Frank Leslie, and Little Mac. The hall, we understand, has been entirely refitted during the recess. We may be able to refer to the improvements made in our next.

M. Chiarini, the great circus manager of Havana, arrived here last week, no doubt to look up fresh attractions for his coming season. M. Chiarini will be remembered in this city, having performed here several years since in connection with his wife and charming daughter, Josephine, who is now one of the great favorites of the Habaneros. Miss Josephine is a splendid equestrienne, as well as capital dancer, and we are glad to record the

pid progress she has made in the art. Madame Chiarini, when e saw her perform last, was a graceful equestrienne, and did a ost beautiful *manege* act. By the following notice, which we nd in the *Cuban Herald*, it will be seen that M. Chiarini has eally "something new under the sun:"—"M. Chiarini, the inefatigable and energetic circus manager, is making the most xtensive arrangements for the forthcoming season. Among the any attractions he is preparing for the patrons of his excellent stablishment, are two youthful equestrians—a negro boy and rl, who, Chiarini tells us, were pages to the Emperor Souloque, hom he has obtained with all their gorgeous court dresses at n enormous expense. We have seen them in their morning hearsals, and must confess their acts are astonishing. The ilding is to undergo a thorough renovation, inside and out, d from what we have seen, and the information furnished us, is will be the most perfect amphitheatre now extant. Chiarini a very hard-working man in his profession, and labors most sidiuously and with great determination, to give the *quid pro o* to all that may visit his equestrian temple during the coming ason. Perhaps our friend Nixon, who is always on the alert r novelties, would like to engage Chiarini's black troupe to ppear at Cremorne Gardens, in New York. They are an attracon. Think of that Nixon—the court pages of the Emperor ouloque—what a card for a New York audience."

We stepped in to see the "Peep o' Day" at the New owery, on Saturday evening, 23d inst., and must confess to eing very agreeably disappointed at the performances we there itnessed. We had read about the eminent success of Mr. and rs. F. B. Conway in their production of Falconer's "Peep o' ay," and of the "crowded houses" the drama had drawn. e were not prepared to see these statements so fully realized, owever, and in consequence were a little surprised to find a really ll house and a very enthusiastic audience, but not more so than e excellence of the performances deserved. The piece is put pon the stage in the most creditable manner possible, the scenery nd stage effects being worthy the best efforts of the Broadway stablishments. There is a finish and completeness to the resentation of this exciting and romantic drama, that reflects reat credit on the New Bowery management. The acting as a eneral thing is far better than we are accustomed to see in the astern part of the town. Mr. Conway appears to great advanage as Harry Kavanaugh, and his talented wife renders the part f Kathleen in her best style. Donnelly, too, as Barney, performs is part in a very praiseworthy manner. But the scenery is the eature of the play. It certainly is the best display we have een of the kind for sometime past, and apart from the merit of he performances, would alone prove an attractive card. The ance and fight at the fair, the dark valley, the rescue of Kate avanaugh, etc., are well worth a visit to witness. The New owery audiences now have the opportunity of comparing Falconer's four-act version of "Peep o' Day, or Savourneen Deelish," ith the three-act affair played at Laura Keene's last winter. here can be no doubt that Laura's version gets the worst of it y the comparison. Laura had too many feminine characters; r rather, gave them too much prominence. This fault of conruction and representation in either case, amounts to the same egree of misjudgment in effect. In a burlesque, an excess of eminine voices is rather a merit than a fault. Not so with such drama and such a plot as "Peep o' Day." Falconer has rouped his characters with a fair allowance of buttermilk aidens, who could "wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul," mong the whiskey-drinking men whose strong personal passions nd political partizanships are nearly all the time (of the plot) n a state of civil war. Hence we get a peep at one of the most orrowful leaves among the sad pages of poor old Ireland's istory, and at the same time a glimpse of that social aptitude hich keeps her people ever light-hearted—the men ever courageus and hopeful, the women ever quick-witted and poetical. So uch for the authorship. In the matter of scenic effects, we are lso obliged to admit that the Falconer version, and the New owery representation, are both much superior to the arrangeent at Laura Keene's. On the subject of scenery, Irish people ay be allowed a clear right to be critical. Those dew-bathed roves which sparkle in the morning sun, or show their beautiful sheen" in the moonlight as it streams over the shadowy valley f the "Foil Dhuiv," require the most delicate art of the scene ainter to do them ordinary justice. We must say again, (whoever the artist at the New Bowery may be), that he has well xerted all the resources of his art, and we can require no more. t is something refreshing to find common justice done to Irish cenery. As respects the performers, we cannot speak so heartily s we would wish, for although Mr. and Mrs. Conway are far bove any previous representations of their respective characters, et this very superiority on their part only serves to make the eneral inferiority of the other performers more noticeable. his is not so much their fault as a general carelessness in getting up Irish dramas. Many managers seem to suppose that heir "people" can play Irish characters as easily as an Irish otato can cook itself. Both ideas are wrong, and lead to other istakes. However, there is no mistake in the public finding a reat treat at the New Bowery when seeing Falconer's "Peep o' Day." The "Peep o' Day" must prove an attractive card or weeks to come, as it is decidedly the best thing that has been resented at this theatre since its opening.

Mark Smith takes the position in Wallack's new company acated by W. R. Blake going to Laura Keene's.

The comic part in the new pantomime at the Cremorne, which as sustained by Mons. Lehman on its first three nights, is this week filled by Tony Denier.

Miss Maria Schiller (Mad. Methua) who made such a favorable mpression at the Stadt Theatre a couple of years ago, although t present not before the public, is pursuing her studies with unabated zeal and love for art.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oaksmith is writing a powerful tragedy.

Miss Maggie Mitchell is studying a new part, said to be more difficult than "Fanchon." The new play, we are informed, is by Mr. S. R. Fisk, of the *Herald*. A friend, who has perused some passages, says it promises to be a very fine production.

At the Cremorne Garden, Nixon produced "The Golden Egg" on Thursday last, the piece having been promised on the previous Monday. We have not had time to observe whether it turns out a good or a bad egg, but suppose that it is one of Pop Lehman's ancient affairs. By-the-way, the general suppression of the items of that disgraceful row which occurred one evening last week at the Cremorne, shows "eggsactly" how much "independence" there is in the daily press of this city.

DRAMATIC.

"Our American Cousin At Home, or Lord Dundreary Abroad," was played for the first time in Canada, on the 14th, at Manager J. W. Buckland's Theatre Royal, Montreal. This piece was written by Charley Gayler for E. A. Sothern, while the latter gentleman was playing Lord Dundreary here. As a matter of history, we therefore place the cast upon our record:—Lord Dundreary, The Hon. Samuel Plantaganet Albert Triptholemus Rosslyn, Barton Hill; Asa Trenchard, Vining Bowers; Asa Trenchard, Jr., Master Bobby; Binny, C. Merton; Abel Murcott, A. Nelson; Old Coyle, C. Fisher; Uncle Pete, T. E. Mills; Barney, Peters; Chilwell, Pope; Jake Blim, Chitty; Ike Thugg, J. Moore: Bill Flimsey, Louis Monroe; Tom Allsorts, Howard; Renard, E. B. Holmes; Susie Trenchard, Miss Alice Gray; Mary Trenchard, Miss Marian Watts; Edith Talford, Miss Macgregor; Bridget McMackerell, Mrs. C. Hill. This laughable sequel to "Our American Cousin" appears to have been well received. On account of its "agreeable length," in the language of the play bills, no other piece can be given on the same evening. Barton Hill had a benefit on the 15th, and Lord Dundreary seemed to "hold his own" very well.

"Seneca," writing from St. Louis on the 19th, says:—Last night was the first of the "fall and winter season" at the St. Louis Theatre. During the vacation, Mr. De Bar has had the building repaired and decorated. Among other improvements, the stage has been raised; and, taken altogether, the theatre looks better than for many years. Frank Drew, and Mrs. Chas. Henri, are the opening stars; they remain for two weeks, and are to be followed by many of the most popular stars of the theatrical galaxy, who will corruscate in due order, of which I will give you notice. The following list comprises the present company of this theatre:—Miss Wyette, Miss L. Maddern, Miss M. Maddern, Miss E. Maddern, Mrs. McManus, Miss M. Ward, Miss Raymond, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Millmer, Mrs. McIntosh, with Messrs. Griffith, Holland, T. Connor, Chandler, Murphy, Barrett, Wilmer, Kyle, Sherry, Maffet, Smith, Leonard, Eagan, etc. P. Gleason, treasurer; T. W. Davey, prompter; Mr. A. Waldaner, leader of the orchestra; and last, but most mighty, Mr. Ben De Bar, manager. Prospects are good for a very fair season, and our people are rejoiced at once more having an opportunity to witness the "legitimate" now and then.

By recent mails we find that the old Louisville Theatre has been jogging along at a good gait, especially since the arrival of Frank Drew, Mrs. Charles Henri, and Robt. H. Craig, who commenced engagements there on the 4th, and have all been well received, notwithstanding the difficulties of making change at the treasurer's office. The bills are light and pleasing, besides the merit of frequent changes. Among the regular company are Messrs. Grierson, Fletcher, Hodges, Smith, Quilligan, Jones, Macauley, Gross, Byrne, Erskine, H. R. Davies, J. M. Lawson, etc., with Mesdames Amelia Hodges, Kate Foster, Bowman, Smythe, Taylor, etc. Frank Drew has brought out some new adaptations of burlesques, such as "The Bride of Abydos," "Shylock, or the Merchant of Venice Preserved," Mazeppa, or the Unnamed Rocking Horse," and "Frank Drew's Own Version of Camille." We despair of giving more than a general idea of the fun interpolated by Frank's irrepressible humor in these pieces. Mrs. Chas. Henri is much admired, as a vocalist as well as an actress. Robert H. Craig does honor to his graduation from the Arch, Philadelphia. Engagements renewed for the second, and then for the third week, at latest advices. Well done, Louisville!

"The Comedy Congress" are duly notified (see advertisement) to assemble at the regular halls of consolation in Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the the 28th, preparatory to the commencement of regular business on the 30th. Whether the regular halls of legislation are occupied or not, Leonard Grover evidently intends that Washington and parts adjacent shall not lack for the consolation of the regular Drama, which is always acceptable to a great nation, during either war or peace. Judging by the recent spring and summer season at Grover's, which was one of the most successful ever known, we may infer that, with the immense array of talent engaged by him, the Ayes will carry the day, and the Noes be nowhere.

Mr. and Miss Richings are to be followed at Buffalo, by J. B. Roberts, in "Faust and Marguerite."

"Wattie Rusher" sends the following items:—Mr. D. S. Raymond is engaged at the Walnut, Philadelphia, as assistant prompter for the ensuing season. Sam Hemple will play low comedy parts.....The combination in Baltimore has gone up, and all those engaged have returned to their homes.....Alice Placide commences an engagement in Toronto on the 25th, opening in "Medea."....Miss Mary Mitchell, Maggie's eldest sister, goes to Baltimore, as leading lady, with Kunkel.....; Dolly Davenport goes with Mr. Bland to Washington.

Still later from Louisville. The season has lasted forty-seven weeks, and closed quite triumphantly on the 23d, only to open again (see advertisement) on the 1st Sept., with a better company than ever, as follows:—Robert Grierson, stage manager; Bernard Macauley, leadings; Frank Roche, juveniles; J. M. Dawson, eccentrics; J. B. Vandeeren, leading elderlies; Martin Golden, leading heavies; J. Purtell, second heavies; C. A. McManus, walking gents; H. Davies, second elderlies; Alfred Stewart, second eccentrics: Hodges, Wilkins, and Brown, utility biz; Mrs. Vandeeren, leading juveniles; Bella Golden, leading chambermaids; Susan Schenck, walking ladies; Mary Carr, leading elderlies; Mrs. Stewart, second do.; Miss Noverne, second chambermaids; Mrs. Smith, second elderlies; Bowman, Howard, Hough, and Wilkins, utility biz. With Geo. F. Fuller for lessee and manager, we expect to find the good old Louisville Theatre as good as new, and as victorious as "the hunters of Kentucky." Any how, see the manager's call, for the regular fall and winter season.

"Delta," one of our Baltimore correspondents, writing on the 21st, says:—The Holliday Street Theatre opened on Wednesday evening with a scenic piece from the ready pen of Mr. C. W. Tayleure, of this city, entitled "Cupid in Baltimore." The audience was of the usual character attracted by the prices of 25, 38, and 15 cents, and was very large. The piece went a little rough, but the last scene was excellent and the local hits throughout were good.....Mr. Bland will open the Washington Theatre (Carusi's Saloon) about the 1st October.....Mr. Grover re-opens his new theatre on the 30th.

A general remodeling of the principal Cincinnati theatres has taken place this year, during the interval between the main seasons. George Wood has no idea of being behind John Bates, and has been and gone ditto to the latter, so that now Wood's will be as commendable in respect to convenience and beauty as John Bates's National. A new drop curtain has been painted by Mr. West, and is much praised by our correspondents. Wood's Theatre opens on the 25th, with the celebrated Holman Opera Troupe.

From Worcester, Mass., we find "Toby Twinkle" thus writing on the 21st:—Last night E. L. Davenport and wife, with Mrs. Farren and other artists, appeared in "Damon and Pythias" to a very fine house. The affair was under the management of Jarrett.....Several professionals are rusticating here at present, among whom I see Mr. Thayer, from Philadelphia; Raymond, late of Myer's & Co.; J. Taylor, from Washington; Mrs. Warren, vocalist, &c., together with Charlie Wilkinson, who is evidently enjoying himself, and anxiously waiting for "something to turn up."

We are pleased to see that Mrs. R. Cantor, formerly of the Bowery Theatre, is now with Manager Henderson, in Pittsburgh, as "first old woman." A worthy performer in a worthy station. Take care of her, Brother Henderson.

From Memphis we learn that the government has taken possession of the New Memphis Theatre, and it has been leased to Mr. George Rayfield, a gentleman who has the means to make it a first-class establishment. F. A. Tannehill is the new manager. He will be in New York this coming week, in all probability. Nearly an entire dramatic company will be needed, except three or four at present in Memphis. Let our professionals see to this. Letters for Manager Tannehill may be directed to our care, until he arrives here to make his own arrangements. See his advertisement.

Our correspondents in Quebec state that Frank Marden has become the lessee of the Theatre Royal for the fall and winter season. As the main seat of government for Lower Canada, generally having three or four regiments of regulars on hand whose officers are much given to "amateuring," no doubt Frank Marden is just on the road for a rich theatrical harvest. Lord Monck, the present governor, is noted for his liberality in such matters. Of course Frank will want some help, for he means to get up an A 1 company. Professionals would do well to examine his advertisement.

Our correspondent "Fitz," writes us that Manager Ford, of the Baltimore and Washington theatres, having consumated many of his arrangements, will be enabled to open his Washington Theatre about the middle of September. A dramatic combination of sterling stock performers have been engaged, and during the season many of the bright stars of the mimic world will appear in their rays of histrionic light for the amusement and admiration of the public.

The Troy Adelphi was recently opened under the management of Mr. G. F. McDonald, who was leading man in the troupe last season. The Anderson family were there several nights. They afterwards left for Saratoga. Among the company engaged are Mrs. Frank Drew, Mr. E. T. Thompson, F. L. Kent, Mrs. McDonald, and others. Mr. John Nickinson and daughter, we hear, are shortly to appear at the Adelphi.

John A. Ellsler, Jr., is on the move for an active season out there at Cleveland, Ohio, and commences biz. on the 8th. Ladies and gentlemen already engaged should be "on hand" at least three days "before hand," and those not at present engaged may "find something to their advantage" by examining his advertisement. People who do not read our theatrical advertisements every week are sure to be left in the lurch—high and dry—unwept and unsung—unemployed and unstrung.

Sherry Corbyn sends us the following "screed of all sorts," dated San Francisco, Cal., August 1st, 1862:—FRIEND FRANK:—There has been quite a stir among the managers of our different places of amusement, commencing about ten days since, in consequence of Leighton having succeeded in engaging the Hanlon Brothers to perform their farewell engagement at his beautiful theatre. This so enraged one of his rivals, that the latter declared that they should play for him at Hayes' Park on Sunday, and thus in a measure injure Leighton; but here he was outgeneraled by Leighton and his very energetic aid, Ralph Phelps, and the Hanlons were secured for the Willows (which is now under the management of your correspondent) where they performed in the presence of nearly five thousand persons. They repeated this entertainment on Tuesday last, before nearly three thousand, and closed their season in California on the 30th July, at the American Theatre, the house being crowded from pit to dome. They sail for South America on the ship Wild Pigeon, which leaves this port on the 2d August, under the management of John Torrence and W. M. Moody. Having been immensely successful, they will probably return here.

To-night, Prof. G. A. Bellew, termed the great American "Hippozanezapprivoiser," will make his first bow before a California audience, at the American Theatre. He is said to be the only rival to Rarey, and is capable of taming anything that stands on four legs.

The Italian Opera is in its death struggle. Signor Bianchi is a very excellent tenor, but does not understand business, and has been very unfortunate in the selection of his aids.

Mons. Edward, who arrived by the last steamer, and is said to be equal to Hermann, the Prestidigitateur, will probably appear at the Metropolitan, on or about the 11th.

The Union Theatre, which has been thoroughly renovated, was opened by a joint stock company under the management of Buchanan, last Monday evening, to a very fine house; but since then business has been slack. The theatre is very beautiful, but in a shocking bad locality.

Mrs. W. H. Leighton, and a first rate company, start to-morrow for a tour through the interior. She is sure to make money. Among her company is Yankee Locke, who is one of the greatest favorites that has ever visited the hills.

Backus & Murphy's Minstrels are in Sacramento.

John Wilson, the Prince of Showmen, was in town yesterday, looking as fine as a fiddle. His "Joe Pentland's Show" is in San Juan. W. Pridham is in advance, which is a sure guarantee of a successful season.

The Worrell Sisters, who returned from Australia lately, after an absence of three years, have wonderfully improved, and are, without doubt, the best dancers in California. They have been secured at Gilbert's Melodeon (of which your correspondent is manager), and are the idols of the frequenters of this popular house. Nellie Brown and the best company in the State are here.

Chas. Pope and Wife are here idle.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne will sail for Hong Kong on the 11th, in company with Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Thorne, C. R. Thorne, Jr., T. Thorne, and E. Thorne. Dr. Hayne will remain here.

The Bella Union continues doing well.

James H. Taylor, tragedian, and his agent, Sam. P. Connelly, will start for California by steamer on the 1st Sept.

Jarrett's Dramatic Company received a crowded house in New Haven, Ct., on the 23d Aug., notwithstanding the fifty cents for admission to the greater portion, the want of small change, the draft excitement, etc.

Manager Nickinson and Miss Nickinson are doing well at the Adelphi, Troy. The company is to be strengthened.

Miss Lucille Western has partly recovered from her supposed California fever, and has postponed her departure until next spring. She opens at the Holliday-street, Baltimore, on the 6th October.

The benefit to the daughters of the late Thomas Comer is intended to come off at one of the Boston theatres about the middle of September. Some good things are in preparation.

The twentieth dramatic season at the Boston Museum commences with this week, and Manager E. F. Keach has a capital company (already reported by us) to carry out his designs. Falconer's "Men of The Day," as we have previously stated, is the opening piece. Walter Benn is the Edward Digby, Kate Reignolds the Lucy Vavasour, and E. F. Keach the Frank Hawthorne, among an admirable cast. A new farce, by Benj. E. Woolf, called "Dodging the Draft," also opens the week. N. B.—Warren is in the farce. The house has been much improved, and newly decorated.

Another gay time at Fort Federal Hill, Baltimore, on the 22d. The Seventh Regiment Amusement Association promises to become a permanent institution, whether at home or abroad. Our New York ladies need not get jealous when we state the fact that out of fifteen hundred persons who were present at the performances last Friday evening, a large majority were ladies from Baltimore. The Regimental Band, under Prof. C. S. Grafulla, gave four grand pieces of music in beautiful style. Then came the tent scene from "Julius Cæsar." Next, a vocal and musical interlude, well selected and nearly every piece given in admirable style. After which, the farce of "The Siamese Twins," E. F. Roberts and D. S. Mann doing the twins. Then came some Gymnastic Groupings. But the crown of the evening, set in roars of laughter, was "Bombastes Furioso," done in the same style as already famous in that locality. Some talk of the 7th Regt. returning this week.

"E. M. L.," writing from St. John, N. B., on the 22d, says:—J. W. Lanergan's season of eleven weeks at St. John, N. B., closed on the 20th, with a complimentary benefit, tendered him by the company, and given under the patronage of Colonel Grierson and the officers of H. M. 15th Regiment, "Don Cæsar" and "The Barrack Room" forming the bill. The last ten nights of the season were devoted to benefits, W. S. Lennox's on the 11th ("Dick Turpin"—new local song, written by E. M. Leslie—"Old Honesty," and "Limerick Boy") proving the best house of the season—a perfect jam; Mr. L. P. Roys', on the 15th, ("Rob Roy" and "Momentous Question") only moderate; Miss Rachael Johnson's, on the 19th ("Lucretia Borgia," "Norah Creina," and "Betsy Baker"), a full and fashionable house. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fredericks recently visited St. John, N. B., and from his well-known inability, his receipts the first night were so indifferent that the hall was not opened. He advertised again, when he performed to $17, and left the following day for Halifax, without remunerating the printer it is said. [Bad spec, if so.—Ed.]..... Miss Rachael Johnson is engaged at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, next season.....J. W. Lanergan talks of opening a season at Halifax, N. S. .....The Alleghanians will soon visit St. John.

D. Hanchett's Combination Company were at Belleville, Canada West, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d, and opened at Cobourg on the 25th. The party consists of Mr. and Mrs. Hanchett, Julia A. Cook, Fanny B. Price, J. F. Crossen, W. H. Leak, Geo. A. Hill, A. Beechey, W. M. Lahnier, J. Bunsby, and G. Horton. Biz. is said to be tip top among our Canadian brethren.

Something of "all sorts" may be found with McFarland, Cunningham & Co's Mammoth Dramatic Troupe, at present in Wisconsin. This concern is called "the model show of the age," and comprises all the prominent features of the theatre, gymnasium, circus, and concert room. Among the dramatic company are C. M. Davis, Laura Pelton, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Cunningham, Maggie Wynne, A. McFarland, etc. Among the general artists are Mons. Martenia, W. Chapel, E. E. Churchill, J. Fielding, C. C. Pell, Thomas Baker, Bob Lindley, J. Farnham, etc. Jessie McFarland, the danseuse, of course is one of the principal attractions. While recently at Marquette, Wis., great inducements were offered for this "combination" company to visit Canada, but we believe it is still in Wisconsin.

Manager Hanchet and party are doing the dramatic in agreeable style round about Canada West. They were to reach Belleville on the 20th, and Cobourg on the 25th. Biz. has been extraordinary good, and the Manager needs more reinforcements. He already has George A. Hill, W. H. Leak, A. Beechy, J. F. Crossen, W. M. Lannier, J. Bunsby, R. Horton, etc., with Mrs. Hanchett, Fanny B. Price, Julia A. Cook, etc. Hanchett himself is not bad to take as Ingomar. See his advertisement. Fact is, he is getting up "The Colleen Bawn," etc.

The dramatic season in Philadelphia will soon be under way for the fall and winter campaign. The Arch Street Theatre, under the management of Mrs. John Drew, will be opened on Saturday evening, 30th inst., and on the following Monday, September 1st, Miss Maggie Mitchell will commence a star engagement, her opening piece being "Fanchon." The Arch will hereafter be conducted as a "star" theatre, engagements having already been effected with a number of celebrities in the theatrical world. Among those already engaged, and to follow each other in succession, are Miss Maggie Mitchell, Miss Jane Coombs, Miss Kate Bateman, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Edwin Adams, J. S. Clarke, Miss Caroline Richings, and Mr. Peter Richings. Negotiations are now pending with Mad. Celeste, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Gustavus V. Brooke, Miss Avonia Jones, and Mr. James Anderson. Each star, in his or her turn, will produce new pieces, novelty upon novelty following in rapid succession throughout the season. The regular stock company of the establishment is now complete, and embraces the following excellent array of talent:—Barton Hill, his first appearance at that theatre; Albert Bradley, first appearance in Philadelphia; Frank Drew, Frank Lawlos, B. Ringgold, Milton Rainforth, first appearance in Philadelphia; S. G. Myers, do. do.; Wm. Wallis, James Seymour, Robert Craig, Chas. Henri, J. Saphore, J. Van Horn, W. Maurice, A. Rogers, J. Wilton; Miss Mary Hill, first appearance in Philadelphia; Mrs. Charles Henri, Mrs. Jane Laws, first appearance at this theatre; Miss Lizzie Price, Mrs. Stoneall, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Lizzie Gardiner, first appearances in Philadelphia; Mrs. H. Jones, do. do.; Miss Jones, do, do.; and Mrs. John Drew. Stage manager, Wm. S. Fredericks; scenic artist, J. E. Hayes; director of the orchestra, Chas. Dodworth; machinist, John Furye; property man, John Harris; business agent and treasurer, Jos. D. Murphy. Here is a pretty formidable list of performers and artists, whose talents and abilities, combined with those of the various stars whom they will be called upon to support, should attract a large share of public patronage during the season of 1862-63.

Since the Holman Opera Troupe left this city, they have met with approbation. They had one week in Troy, then (by particular request) one night in Lyons, next, another week in Lockport, and are now at the Academy of Music, in Cleveland, Ohio. Their next move is to Columbus, and after that Geo. Wood has secured them for two or three weeks at his theatre in Cincinnati.

MUSIC HALLS.

Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C., now has the name of "the model concert hall of the world," and it is generally admitted as being "one of the best in America." George Percival & Co., the proprietors, also have Liberty Hall, in Alexandria, Va.; and, from these "two bases of operation," as previously remarked by us, they carry on a great biz. We believe that they have "no waiter girls." Well, that is a matter of local taste and preference. If the Washingtonians and Alexandrians are satisfied, we are. As the darky is said to have said about the gout in one of his feet—if the foot could stand it, he could. Certain it is that George Percival & Co. are doing the popular and the profitable at each of their halls above named; and this is "nuff ced."

Speaking of halls, etc., in St. Louis, our correspondent "Seneca" writes as follows under date of the 19th:—This present week of this issue closes the season at the Varieties, which, after being closed up one week, will be opened with some new claimants for popular good will. Nearly all of the present company remain, having been tried and found true metal. Miss Kate Pennoyer goes to New-York, to the sorrow of some into whose affections she has pirouetted. As she is a good dancer, may success attend her. Tom Cony, the indefatigable, always good, ever to be depended on, irrascible, good-natured, hearty, well-meaning Tom Cony, receives a benefit this week. It will be a bumper, of course, for Tom is a general favorite and "doeth all things well," so well that he will be held in grateful remembrance surely. The younger Cony is not yet doing trapeze business, but is the "perfect picture of his father," and a rousing boy..... Rosa Southerland, late of the Melodeon, has gone to Leavenworth, where Belle Louise is also sojourning.....Miss Louisa Wells, and W. Derr, with an equestrian troupe, will make their advent with the coming new season at the Varieties. John and Pete Conklin will also "be thar," so with Cony and they, the Varieties will be able to boast more muscle and agility than any other establishment in the country.....The Melodeon and, Bowery still flourish, the latter especially.

"Delta," writing from Baltimore on the 21st, says:—The Melodeon has done well for the past two weeks, in fact, better than it has perhaps during any two weeks that it has been open. Mr. Lea has made a sensible investment in this establishment, for the "gals" will draw. Mr. Lea contemplates, I understand, opening the Museum as a dramatic house, with D. Ryan, Kate Denin Ryan, and Miss Susan Denin as "stock stars."

From Detroit, on the 21st, "Mohawk" writes about music halls and other things as follows:—The beautiful and fascinating Schultze sisters have arrived, and made their first appearance to a crowded house at Bayless' Varieties, over 900 paying people being present, who greeted the lovely sisters with numberless bouquets and encores.....Miss Annie Harrison, (danseuse) Mr. G. B. Edeson, (comedian and pantomimist) and L. J. Donnelly (wench dancer) have withdrawn from Beller's, and are now in the "front ranks" of the Varieties company, and are well liked by the public.....Mr. Bayless and Miss Ida Duval, of Beller's, have had a little "difficul." Mr. Bayless got out an injunction against her to prevent her from appearing elsewhere: the injunction held for a week, at the end of which time (the case having been taken into court) it was dissolved and the case dismissed, on the ground that she being already under contract with Beller, a contract or agreement with any other would not hold good, the costs to be paid by the lady—and there it stands.....Miss Annie Lee, late at Beller's, has retired from the stage and gone into private life in a new role, (to her) that of "the Wife" to a Mr. Shippy of this city. She has done well. .....Mr. August Segrist, of Dan Rice's Circus, has lost his celebrated dog "Lager" by death, while traveling through the State. He bought another of the female gender while here, and named it "Miss Lager.".....Manager Nichols, of the Cleveland Varieties, was here last week on the look out for talent. The Misses Fanny Archer and Ida Ross have gone with him. Manager Nichols opens Aug. 23d.

As respects the music halls of Philadelphia, "Wattie Rusher" writes on the 21st as follows:—The Continental is at the flood tide of success; never was anything in this city so triumphantly victorious before. There have been the following changes since my last. Annie Rush, the vocalist, was "retired" on the 16th. Kate Marshall has left, and goes to Wilmington, Del., on the 25th. Nichols and Son left also, on the 16th. George Sheldon has an interest in the Delaware raid, but will not leave this hall. M. Redding and Ed Young are engaged here. Susie Summerfield commenced on the 18th. Miss Julia Mortimer, one of the "stylish vocalists," and called by the late Prof. Janke, "the tear fetcher," began here on the 18th. Millie Fowler begins on Thursday, as *premier danseuse*; whether she is likely to hold that position, I will let you know in my next. J. L. Davis (not Jeff) gives great satisfaction as stage manager. Mr. Wolf must run more performers, or a prophecy will be made of his downfall. Philadelphia beats a quick pulse, and a skillful doctor is needed for her. Tom Jefferson is *tanjoisticitating* here, and is very popular. The attacks of sundry New-York sheets on the proprietor of this hall are unwarranted and uncalled for. I have attended their entertainments for some time, and have yet to see the first breach of morality, either among the waiter girls or on the stage. If anything is shown up in this hall unworthy of the place, rest assured the CLIPPER will hear of it very soon, in an open and gentlemanly manner, with no drawbacks whatever. .....At the Metropolitan, Miss Mary La Grange takes the place of Fanny Gillmore, who was married to a Mr. Bascom, a non-professional, on the 17th. Fanny has left the boards. Lew Gaylord is at the Metropolitan also.....The new Grotto has Lizzie La Grange for its new comer.....Charlie Gardner is at the Canterbury.....Kate Francis and Eliza Florence have gone to Baltimore.....Sam Gardner, of St. Louis, has returned from the war, and is in Philadelphia.....James Maffit, the western pantomimist, is playing at the Continental. He is almost an exact counterpart of Hernandez in personal appearance. Mr. W. H. Bartholomew supports him. Miss Kate Hamilton, a clever danseuse, is also at the Continental.

According to the receipt of Dr. John Campbell, Medical Director of U. S. Hospitals in Washington, the sum of $168,99 was realized from the clear profits of the benefit recently given at Canterbury Hall, in aid of the Cranch Hospital in that city. Messrs. Geo. Percival, proprietors of Canterbury Hall, Washington, have thus set a good example in business as well as charity. The public "want to know" about "them" receipts.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Reynolds & Pierce's Campbell Minstrels did well in Buffalo, winding up on the 21st. Some changes have taken place in the company, as may be seen on reference to their newly corrected advertisement. Billy Pierce is as useful as ever, for either singing or dancing, and his Mrs. Haller is enough to make people laugh till they "holler." As for the new Benedick, John H. Reynolds, he can sing "No One to Love" in a very sentimental style, but the ladies know better, and rightly attribute his success to his merit as an artist, paying but little attention to the mere words of any song he may happen to sing. "No One to Love," indeed! That would be a good joke for J. H. R. But we are forgetting the other artists in this fine company, such as C. D. Abbott, Wm. McCracken, Master Wells, Fred. Scott, Palmer, H. Tompkins, Davison, etc. They have Frank Raymond as advance agent, and their route now is by Niagara Falls, Lockport, Rochester, Auburn, Syracuse, Rome, and Utica.

The Collins Brothers & Arland Ethiopian Opera Troupe are, we are informed, about to commence business in Montreal, C. E. The company consists of the following artists:—Harry Collins, J. Collins, H. Arland, Ned West, E. Tower, E. Stanton, D. Causland, J. Bryard, and F. Savoine. H. Collins is the business manager.

"Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high" with Johnny Booker's Minstrels. While lately in Wheeling, Va., Johnny went in strong on the patriotic, and gave a grand complimentary boost for the Recruiting Fund. He has with him Billy Vaughn, James Owesny, Moran, O'Neal, Glendining, Master J. Beck, etc. The Military Committee of Ohio County have certified that Johnny is sound on the goose. His party are again on the move, and expect to be in Cleveland about the 15th Sept.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, after a tour through the States, opened their hall in Philadelphia on the 18th, for the regular season.

William Butler, of Philadelphia, (like his brother, R. W., in New-York) is in want of professional assistants. See his advertisement, and rally for the Melodeon, Callowhill street, Philadelphia. Be lively, boys and grls. Wide awake. Muscle does it. Write, send, or go.

Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels are in Troy, and held forth at Rand's Hall on the 22d and 23d. The troupe consists of W. Arlington and J. B. Donniker, proprietors; Chas. Wood, business manager and agent; W. C. Davies, treasurer; Master Leon, Edwin Kelly, S. Price, W. H. Brockway, C. Newton, H. Butler, J. H. Dale, O. H. Carter, Master Frank Dumont, V. B. Bummell, the most of whom are well known artists in the "burnt cork line."

Just as about to send this issue to press, we find that the irrepressible Maguire (hardly mentioned in our advices from San Francisco) has been occupying his Metropolitan Theatre at Sacramento with the minstrel companies previously famous at his Opera House in San Francisco, such as the Billy Birch and Ben Cotton party, Backus and Murphy's, etc. More particulars next week. No danger for Thomas Maguire.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels keep up their fun with some more new items in their Opera House in Boston, but we think that the greatest novelty there would be to see some empty seats.

CIRCUSES.

Van Amburgh's "reptiles" have been cutting up some high capers this season. Now an elephant getting "stuck in the mud," now a tiger getting loose, and again the elephant going off on a bit of a frolic. Having at length subdued these "vicious" animals, the showmen next have their attention turned to the snakes, one of which recently got on the rampage, and came very near "squashing" the life out of one of the keepers. It seems that while the show was recently in the neighborhood of Columbus, Ohio, one of the keepers went to a case containing an anaconda and a boa constrictor, for the purpose of feeding them. They were in a case with a glass top, opening at the side. The "snake story" goes on to say that the boa constrictor, which is some thirty feet long and as large around the middle as a man's thigh, had just swallowed two rabbits when the keeper introduced his arm and body into the cage for the purpose of reaching a third to the anaconda, at the opposite corner. While in this position, the boa, not satisfied with his share of the rations, made a spring, probably with the intention of securing the remaining rabbit, but, instead, fastening his jaws upon the keeper's hand, and, with the rapidity of lightning, threw three coils around the poor fellow, thus rendering him entirely helpless. His shouts of distress at once brought several men to his assistance, and among them, fortunately, was a well-known showman named Townsend, a man of great muscular power, and what was of much more importance, one who had been familiar with the habits of these repulsive monsters all his life, having owned some of the largest ones ever brought to this country. The situation of the keeper was now perilous in the extreme. The first thing to be done was to uncoil the snake from around him, but if in attempting this the reptile should become in the least degree angered, he would, in a second, contract his coils with a power sufficient to crush the life out of an ox. A single quick convulsion of the creature and the keeper's soul would be in eternity! This Townsend fully understood; so, without attempting to disturb the boa's hold upon the keeper's hand, he managed by powerfully yet extremely cautious movements to uncoil the snake without exciting him, after which, by the united exertions of two strong men, the jaws were pried open and the man released in a completely exhausted condition. The bite of the boa constrictor is not poisonous, and although the bitten hand was immensely swollen the next day, no serious results were apprehended. A more narrow escape from a most horrible death it would be difficult to imagine. It's a right down good story, but it seems to us that the snake must be a very amiable creature to permit its jaws to be *pried* open without becoming excited, to say nothing of its having patiently submitted to the gentle process of being uncoiled. It certainly must be a very well-behaved snake, *all* the circumstances considered.

Mabie's Great Show is doing a great biz. in Illinois. The week ending on the 16th was, we are informed, better by a thousand dollars than any previous week since starting out this time. They wound up the week ending on the 23d in similar style at Springfield, and are now on a more northern line of action, through Bloomington, Ottowa, Morris, etc., up to Janesville, Madison, etc., in Wisconsin.

Dan Gardner and R. Hemmings continue to make an attractive train in Pennsylvania, the former as clown and the latter as principal rider and rope dancer. They have the King Brothers, the Wallis Brothers, John Foster, Tom Swan, George Derious, W. H. Green, W. Howard, Master Edward, Young Dan, and W. Hill for ring master, to say nothing of Madame Camille, Mdlle. Foster, Miss Eliza, and all the other attractive performers. They begin the week at Tyrone City, Huntingdon 26th, Lewistown 27th, and proceed to Mifflin 29th. At this rate we may expect them to reach Harrisburgh about the 1st Sept. As biz. is good, no doubt this concern will keep the field until about the end of October, and then put up near Philadelphia.

Old Grizzly Adam's California Menagerie is about to change hands from the parties holding it since his death.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Clara Morgan, the ballet dancer, has gained a judgment carrying £20 damages against T. B. Simpson, the late proprietor of Cremorne Gardens, London, for non-performance on his part of a contract employing her for the usual season from May to September of last year. The ballet master was Mr. Milano, but Mr Simpson repudiated the engagement made by Mr. M. for him after the property was made over to the present proprietor. "Hence all these tears," etc. This was a test action, and we understand that Mr. Simpson has made arrangements for an amicable adjustment with all the parties concerned in bringing similar suits to that of the saltatory Clara.

Harvey Teasdale, more generally known as "Herr Teasdale, the Man-Monkey," has been cutting up some shines in the criminal way. It appears that his wife, having separated from him, resided at Sheffield. On the

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Oh! wonderful man,
Dare I hope my pen can
Do justice to such a grate feller as you?
Oh! wot kin I say,
Or wot can I do,
In a poetick manner to put you through?
Ah! where shall I look,
In wot history or book,
To find out your ekwal, by hook or by crook?
There was Siezer and Grackus,
Punchus Pilot and Backus,
Napowlion, Mark Antony, Brutus and Burr,
One and all in their time made a stir;
There was Allover Cromwell, that knocked off the crown
From the head of a king. But to come later down,
There's Loot Napowlion, a grate man indeed,
But they're nothin' to you, for they didn't secede.
Ah! where kin I find out a match for you? Where?
If I don't hit it soon I'll give up in dispare.
I have it—grate Davis, no fear of a libel,
Is a kounterpart for you—his name's in the Bible.
The first of seceders, I read it at skool,
He was tired of serving, he wanted to rule:
But history tells us what to him befell,
He was kicked out of Heaven and driven to—well,
You kin see in the book,
If you happen to look,
The way that was taken his goose for to cook.
Now, between you and I,
I've been told—it's no lie—
By a man wot's deep lettered, a grate *rary avis*,
That LUCIFER's latin for JEFFERSON DAVIS!

FIGHTING PEG OF THE HOOK.

A LOCAL SKETCH.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY JOHN F. GILWEE.

A good many years ago, when the writer was a boy, he knew a singular individual in the shape of a woman, but displaying all the characteristics of a rough, uncultivated man, named Fighting Peg of the Hook. For years she resided in the nighborhood of Water and Jackson streets, or as it was then called, Walnut street. At the time of which I write, this was a fearful locality. Every phase of crime known to the calender was fostered and perpetrated in that classical region. The Five Points was not "a touch to it." Houses of prostitution and subterranean thief lairs reigned supreme, and the most horrible and disgusting evidences of vice and depravity that can be imagined, could be readily seen at any hour of the day or night by taking a stroll through its filthy and dismal purlieus.

"The Hook" was not only a terror to the respectable residents of that part of our city, but the quiet people of Brooklyn were so appalled at its name, that the owners of the ferry then running from the foot of Walnut, New York, to the foot of Jackson street, across the river, were compelled to remove it to another landing, and eventually alter the name of Walnut street to Jackson. The street on the other side underwent a similar change, and was altered from Jackson street to Hudson avenue. From Hudson avenue the boats landed their passengers at the foot of Governeur street, thus removing the entrance of people to our city to a quieter and safer neighborhood.

It was no wonder that those people were terrified, for scarcely a night passed that did not bring its record of some dreadful depredation committed at the old ferry house. Men, sometimes detained by their business in this city to a late hour in the night, found this the most convenient way to their homes, but seldom reached there alive. They were tracked, seized, and after being rifled of every article of value upon their bodies, found a grave in the East river. If that river could speak, what awful revelations it could disclose! This was truly a reign of terror at the Hook, and all attempts to ferret out the perpetrators of those foul deeds were in most cases useless and futile.

One of the most repulsive and desperate denizens of this region was "Fighting Peg." I remember groups of overgrown boys taking up a position at a very respectable distance, and gazing upon her with as much wonder as if she was some hideous monster; but when she took a few steps towards them, the tallest kind of skedaddling ever witnessed, took place. She was as great a terror to the men of the vicinity as she was to the boys, and to the females she was a spirit of evil, and haunted them in their dreams.

This strange woman's life was an oddity, and her "where did you come from, and who do you belong to?" was a sealed book. The most daring and reckless villain that ever infested that region feared her, and was singularly careful of incurring her anger. The very look of the woman was abominable. Her physiognomy indicated recklessness and brutality in the extreme. From the broad accent of her tongue, it might be easily inferred that she was of Irish birth; besides, she possessed all the impetuosity of the Celt, combined with the treachery and unrelenting malice of the Spaniard. She delighted in the use of a familiar Irish phrase, for when she got into a fight and had beaten her man, often to insensibility (we say man, for her altercations were principally with sailors and niggers), she would utter a loud, hoarse yell, and say, "Peg bates Bannacher, and Bannacher bates the divil!" This was her war cry.

"Fighting Peg" was, without exception, the most athletic and muscular specimen of her sex I ever saw, or probably "any other man." She was full six feet high in her stocking feet, and her fighting weight (she was always in fighting condition, for I don't believe there was at any time a pound of flesh on her body) must have been in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy pounds. She was all bone and sinew. Deep-chested, long-reached, brawny and stalwart in every respect, she used her arms like a pugilist, and struck from the shoulder with a force that never failed to bring her antagonist to the ground. These qualities, added to the most indomitable pluck and desperation of temper, won for her the name she gloried in, and which she sustained in many a bloody conflict. Her head was shaped like an African's, and her small, grey eyes, glaring from beneath a pair of huge and shaggy eyebrows, when she was in anger, told plainly what a devil was raging within. Her favorite weapon, in a desperate emergency, was a short iron bar, and woe betide the man that put her to the use of it.

This inhuman wretch lived in a little attic room in Walnut street, and her only companion was a rat which she had captured and trained to do her bidding. She was a nightly visitor to the dance houses in Water street, where she danced many a fine straight jig, and then "passed round her hat," and collected "many a bright sixpence." She was an excellent dancer, and lived principally upon the proceeds of her heel-and-toe-ology in those places.

There was one old man in this vicinity who knew something of the story of Peg's life.

She was born in Cork, Ireland, and her proper name was Margaret Foche. Even in girlhood she was wild, reckless, and dissipated. She was present at the fairs and markets of the county, and when opposing factions met for their usual fight, Peg took a hand in, and, by putting stones in her apron (like her countrywomen at the siege of Limerick), went through the crowd like a storm.

Her father became very poor, and the landlord determined to dispossess him. This threat was one day carried into execution, and the bailiff entered the house. Peg, in a fit of frenzy, ordered him to leave the premises, but he refusing to do so, she seized a shovel and cleaved him to the brain. She fled, but was subsequently captured, tried, and transported for life to Botany Bay. Her victim afterwards died. One day during her exile, she attempted suicide by jumping into the bay, but was rescued by a boat from a ship close by, and conveyed to this country. From that forth she led a vile life of recklessness and remorse, and made the Hook her permanent abode.

But bad and vicious as the wayward heroine of my sketch was, she had, like most of her class, a redeeming point. The milk of human kindness had not entirely dried up in her breast.

One bitter cold morning in December, at day-break, she discovered a foundling in an area in Willett street, rescued it from death, and sent it out for adoption. The expenses of the child she continued to defray as long as she had her liberty and the means. But the unfortunate little waif did not long enjoy the kindness of its benefactress.

About twelve months after the occurrence of the incident above related, Peg was forced to leave the Hook, and its classical surroundings. She had to reluctantly abandon the scene of many a wild, tempestuous revel.

"Fighting Peg" was well known in Catharine Market. She had been always treated civilly there, for the most fearless and desperate denizen of that odorous region dare not treat her otherwise, at his peril. They knew well the metal she was made of; she was never injured without being sweetly revenged, and once roused to action, she had no mercy.

About this time there prowled around Catharine Market a notorious negro named Joe Swanskin. He was one of the most desperate burglars in the city of New York. He had served two or three terms in State Prison, and although he suffered the horrors of the shower-bath twice in that institution, he was as incorrigible in his villainous proclivities as ever.

Towards this character "Fighting Peg" entertained a deadly hatred for years. He had injured her in some manner, but as she never made loud complaints, no one knew what the nature of the injury was. When she was "full of gin," she would grate her teeth, and swear, "Be the 'ternal God, if I iver ketch that bloody black nager between me hands, I'll tear the throttle out of him!" No one doubted the determination of Peg's threat, and it was thought if ever the athletic and ferocious black and the invincible Peg came together, there was "a fearful lay" to be decided.

One cold, wet morning in November, about two o'clock, as Peg was about leaving one of her favorite dancing haunts in Water street, and retiring to her dismal garret, where she generally slept most of the day, Joe Swanskin staggered into the basement. He was tipsy, and was wet to the skin.

Peg's eyes shot fire, and as she glanced upon the negro, her deep chest heaved to and fro with mingled emotions of gladness and rage.

There were not more than half-a-dozen persons in the crib at this hour, and their knowledge of Peg's long expressed desire to meet Joe, made them tremble in anticipation of the scene that was to ensue.

Peg's thrilling and silent look brought the negro to his senses, and he became suddenly and comparatively sober. They glared at each other like a pair of demons for a minute, when Peg finally broke the dreadful silence, and exclaimed:—

"I suppose h—— has vomited and let you up, you black son of a ——. They all tould me you wint there long ago. I had given up all hopes of ever seeing ye; but thank God I've lived to see yer curse-o'-God countenance once more. Ye know me, don't ye! Av coorse ye do. Ye mind the night that I was drunk down here in Peg Murphy's, and when ye thried to rob the till, ye struck me with a slung shot, and left me there stretched for dead?"

During the delivery of the last sentence of this speech, Peg was slyly feeling for something beneath the waist of her dress.

"D——n you, you old Irish hag!" exclaimed Joe, "what do you mean? I'll split your head for you!" and suiting the action to the word, he jumped at Peg.

The desperate woman uttered a wild yell, and sprang upon the negro like an infuriated tiger. They met, blows were exchanged simultaneously with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, and both fell to the floor like a pair of logs. Peg had been floored by Joe's clenched fist, but he lay senseless on the floor, his skull opened wide enough to thrust a saucer into it. In a second Peg sprang from the floor, her favorite weapon for desperate work, the short iron bar, grasped tightly in her hand, reeking with the blood of her victim. By a superhuman effort, the black got upon his feet just in time to check the finishing blow to his career. By some means he got the bar in his grasp, and then probably one of the most desperate struggles ever witnessed ensued for its possession. But the black's brain was now fast oozing from the gash, and he was fast losing his strength. At last a heavy fall was heard, and with the iron bar still retained in the grasp of each, they were both struggling on the floor. In a few seconds that terrible war-cry burst from Peg, and she had the nigger by the throat with her teeth, and her knees pressed tightly on his stomach. This hold she never relinquished until his death rattles sounded in her ears. She then ran into the street, and could not have gone more than one block when her victim lay weltering in his blood, a lifeless corpse.

Thus died by the hands of this extraordinary and bloody woman, one of the most notorious burglars and most unmerciful desperadoes that probably ever infested this city.

Whither "Fighting Peg" fled through that cold and dismal night, no one ever knew; and, although strict search was made, her whereabouts was wrapt in mystery. It was afterwards said, however, that she died in a poor house, and that the clods of Potter's Field now cover the earthly remains of "Fighting Peg of the Hook."

GERMAN GAMBLING HOUSES.

BY A LOOKER ON.

The closing of the gambling rooms at Baden Baden has been passed by a resolution of the Chambers at Carlsruhe; and there is reason to anticipate that, within a few years, Hombourg will be the only Pandemonium left in Germany. Under these circumstances I may be, perhaps, permitted to give a short account of a tour that I made, during the past summer, to the more notable of the watering-places to which the vice still adheres.

I may pass over the large and small saloons, and come straight to the observations I made at the most important spot. There were two trente et quarante and two roulette tables at work, and all so full that the players found difficulty in getting up to them, not to mention spectators. All round stood liveried footmen, who measured every arrival with a searching glance. They must have seen at once that I had no sovereigns to lose, for they took hardly any notice of me, while they hurried to receive hat and stick from other gentlemen who came in with me. A number of ladies, whose exterior was more striking than beautiful, were walking about. I had seen many of them in Paris, at public balls and gardens, where they played a much more subordinate *role* than the one they held here. At Hombourg, however, they were most elegantly dressed, and several of them were escorted by young gentlemen, who, of course, played high. One of the latter I had met at Paris, and so I asked him to point out M. Garcia to me. "The great man has not yet come," he replied, "but he will arrive in half an hour, and you can easily recognise him, as he sits opposite the *tailleur*, and always plays the highest stake of 12,000 francs. In the meantime, I will invite your attention to another interesting player, who has just arrived with his escort." I looked in the indicated direction, and I saw a group most peculiar in its way. In front came a young man of about eight-and-twenty, with a very youthful, almost innocent-looking girl. They held each other by the hand, and soared along like a young married coupled rambling about their garden. Immediately behind them came two men, whose faces displayed an unmistakeable family likeness to that of the girl; while the party was completed by a little fellow, with a marked Oriental countenance, and a tall light-haired man, who might have been taken for an Englishman. The leader of the lady was a Vicomte de L——, who wished to try an infallible system with the last-named man, a baron, whose name has slipped me. Both were Belgians; both belonged to the richest and first families in the country; but, owing to their mode of life, they had been laid under a species of ban, and were only allowed to receive a portion of their revenue. The girl was the daughter of a barber, in a small provincial town; the two men, close behind her, were her father and brother; while the little Oriental acted as secretary to the gentlemen.

Of the whole party, the light-haired man alone had a respectable appearance. The Vicomte not only looked seedy and wretched, but his entire exterior led to the supposition that he belonged to any but the higher classes. His dress was in such a neglected condition that a common artizan would be ashamed to appear with his sweetheart in public in such a state; and any respectable girl would have been ashamed to accept his escort. His shirt front was dirty, the cuffs were ragged, and almost black; and his hands and nails seemed not to have come in contact with a brush for several days. As for his lady companion, she seemed exactly suited to him; her hands were quite as innocent of soap as the Vicomte's; her hair could hardly be called combed; and in one sleeve of her still new silk cloak, I noticed a rather large hole, evidently burned, and to which I call the reader's attention, because I shall have to refer to it again. The father of this unhappy young creature, whose youth and beauty would have deserved a better fate, had one of the most marked rogue's faces I ever saw, and, though I took some trouble to convince myself that I was prejudiced, and that the man would appear quite different elsewhere, I could not remove the unpleasant feeling his look and conduct produced on me. His son remained quite passive, and seemed the only one who at all felt the humiliation of his sister.

The two gentlemen and the lady went to the gambling table, and began by staking a sum which would have kept a respectable family for a twelvemonth. They were remarkably favored by fortune, and in a short time won some fifteen hundred pounds. I was informed that they had been playing with the same good luck for several days; and I must also ask the reader to bear this fact in mind, as I shall introduce him to the party again. As the lion of the day, M. Garcia, had not appeared, I walked up to one of the roulette tables, where smaller stakes were hazarded. Nearly every gambler had a colored paper lying before him, or an infallible system, in accordance with which he played. One had a small machine, representing a miniature barrel organ, the handle of which he turned, thrust a pin several times into the tables of figures inside it, and whispered to his companion what he should back. During the five days I was at Hombourg, I saw several of the infallible gentry lose their last farthing. Others only staked on the numbers, and, owing to the mass of gamblers, some of whom backed the same number, disputes pretty frequently occurred as to the ownership, which were carried on in language that would not be tolerated in a pot house. At Hombourg, the elegant, however, which announces its splendor and comfort in all the papers, such occurrences are ignored. If the quarrellers have any money left, the croupiers look on for a while, then repeat their parrot cry of "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu*," and general attention is at once riveted on the rolling ball.

I was on the point of trying my luck, when suddenly there was excitement in the room, and many persons rushed to a trente et quarante table. I heard on all sides the words, "*Voici Garcia!*" and I hurried to have a good look at the great man. I had expected to find something interesting in the appearance of the lucky gambler, for wild passions generally impart a peculiar character to the face; but M. Garcia was exactly like the other gamblers. He was dressed like a *parvenu*; he wore an embroidered shirt, and wherever diamonds could be carried he had them—on his fingers, his watch-chain, and as studs—I even noticed a small diamond cross on his coat, which I at first supposed to be an order, but afterwards discovered to be merely ornamental. He was followed by as large a suit as the Belgian gamblers had been, and regularly staked 12,000 francs. He retained his calmness so long as he was winning, but when towards the end he lost his winnings, he became very violent and coarse; he jumped up, pushed back his chair furiously among the spectators, and ran off. At the table I picked up a French gentleman, who had for many years been a Consul in South America, and had enjoyed life so thoroughly that gambling alone offered him any excitement. He spent a portion of the year at watering places, mainly at Baden, bringing a certain sum of money with him, which he was sure to lose at the green table, and amusing himself in this way. From him I learned much useful information about Hombourg. The founders of the Cursaal were the brothers Blanc, one of whom is still living. Before they started in Germany they had gained considerable notoriety in Paris, Nice, Monaco, and other spots where gamblers congregated. They hit on the notion of starting a gambling house in the vicinity of Frankfort, and found capitalists ready to back them. The old Landgrave of Hesse was delighted at the thought that his Residency, hitherto an insignificant village, would be converted into a fashionable watering-place, and that he would not have to spend a farthing on it, but, on the contrary, put a nice annual sum into his pocket; he therefore gave his consent, and about twenty years ago Hombourg began to flourish in a manner that obscured all other German watering-places, with the exception of Baden.

The Brothers Blanc were the only gambling house keepers of the day, who understood the art of setting all the snares to attract customers. They had studied at Frascati's, and here proposed changes, which did all honor to their inventive faculty, and porduced a great success. They first introduced the half *refait*, which concession drew all the "players upon a system" to Hombourg. They were the very first to give concerts, the performers at which were paid, instead of appearing at their own risk; and I need hardly say, that the class of ladies, whom loungers and men of fashion affect, met with a most hearty reception. Hombourg's great progress, however, dates from 1848. The German Parliament decreed the suppression of gambling houses, and the one at Hombourg was closed in the presence of troops. The shareholders considered themselves ruined; but the talented Blanc turned the affair to his own profit. He foresaw that the decrees of the German Congress would have no permanent effect, and uttered the memorable words, "My Bank will last longer than your Parliament." Hence, he bought up nearly all the shares at a low price, and his words came true. When the great speeches were forgotten, the Bank was quietly opened again, and succeeded better than had been anticipated. Some high-born members of the Parliament were the most eager visitors of the gaming-table. When 1849 produced the well-known catastrophes; when the Parliament was dissolved, and the revolution of Baden rendered the gambling places of that State accessible to visitors, Hombourg opened its hospitable hall again, and was more brilliant than ever.

After all that modern civilization afforded had been employed, in order to give Hombourg the greatest possible lustre, the genius of M. Blanc recently drew religion within reach of his speculation. He has built an Anglican Church, or, at any rate, supplied the greater portion of the funds for that purpose. In this he follows the example of M. Benazet, of Baden. The numerous English who settle in German watering places, where they can make a show at a cheap rate, will thus be able to perform their religious rites in all comfort. It is strange, though, that these good people do not reflect who it was that built the church for them. And the clergyman! Will he not remember at the very moment when he is praying, "Lead us not into temptation," that the servants of the man who founded the church are crying, "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu?*" Perhaps, though, he acts on the same principle as the Rev. Rowland Hill, when he considered it unfair that the fiend should have all the best tunes.

Hombourg, be it borne in mind, is the only place that goes on all the year round. It is true that in the blessed Electorate of Hesse there is a den called Wildungen, where pigeons are also plucked in winter; but it is very insignificant, and hence Hombourg is the sole gathering-place of those gentry who spend their life in the gambling-room. The influence of this on the neighboring towns is most injurious. The gambling mania was recently so deeply rooted among clerks, and so much embezzlement took place, that the Frankfort merchants resolved to engage no clerk who played. The gymnastic societies have also passed a resolution to expel any member who was known to gamble. The newspapers told us last year that M. Garcia had won a million of francs; but, on the other hand, in the one month of January, three persons ended their lives by visits to the gaming-table. The reader will spare me any comment on this. Many persons hope that when the State reverts to Darmstadt the bank will be abolished; but the proprietors of that institution do not seem to have any such apprehension, for they have recently began to re-build the theatre. M. Blanc may perhaps say to himself, "My bank will last longer than Hesse Hombourg," and who knows whether he is not right? He has survived and gone through much. His brother is dead; his first partner died in a madhouse, under terrible writhings of conscience; his former director has left him and taken an engagement at Wiesbaden; and M. Blanc has recently laid before the French government a plan to abolish the national debt of the new Gallic empire. He may be speculating on becoming Director-general of the re-established French gambling-houses.

I had promised my French Friend, at Hombourg, to meet him on an appointed day at Frankfort, that we might proceed together to Wiesbaden and Baden. Before we started, however, we made an excursion to Wilhelmsbad, which is not a watering-place, but one palatial building, surrounded by a park, the ground floor of which has been converted into gambling rooms. It was on a Sunday that I visited this place, and I can still recall the shudder which the sight of the poor wretches gambling there produced on me. They were mostly petty tradesmen, clerks, and workmen from neighboring towns; for the Elector of Hesse does not prohibit his subjects from playing, and, indeed, several of his officers in uniform were at the roulette-table. A poor portfolio-maker, from Offenbach, had lost all his week's wages, and it was so heartrending to hear his own and his respectably-dressed sweet-heart's lamentations, that even my companion, *blase* Frenchman though he was, could not hide his emotion, and made many bitter remarks against some of the institutions of "honest Germany." I will quote one of them as a sample: "We Frenchmen are a corrupted nation, and think differently, and less scrupulously, on many points, than the Germans; but we may be sure of one fact—if the omnipotent Emperor of the French, the despot as he is called, re-established gambling houses in Paris, and a scene like the one we have just witnessed took place, the workmen would demolish the den on the same evening, and the government would be unable to do anything."

I saw here the notorious Adele Courtois, who, two years ago, and long after her youthful beauty had departed, so entangled an ambassador, that he did not hesitate to drive her in his own carriage along the Champs Elysees, and would have married her in the end, had not Monsieur Courtois, the legitimate husband of the lady, suddenly turned up. Here, too, I saw the young Vicomte, with the pretty girl who had the hole in her mantilla sleeve; he only played a few times, for he was ruined, and left Wiesbaden, the girl remaining behind—probably to join the ranks of the *Reines de la honte*, as the French so pointedly call them.

Among the most prominent persons I noticed during my stay at Weisbaden, I may mention the great Garcia, who played with his old luck and vulgarity, and the son of a foreign king. His father was formerly an annual visitor to Wiesbaden, and so notorious a protector of the nymphs of the Cursaal, that his own subjects loudly objurgated his conduct, and many respectable ladies of his country present, avoided being noticed by him and drawn into his circle. His son and heir walks exactly in the parental footsteps, and may be seen supping any evening in the worst mixed society. Among his companions was an ex-female friend of his father. She calls herself Vicomtesse de ——, but I fancy that her title will not bear inspection. I must not omit to mention that the Duke of Nassau gives the whole rent of the institutions at Weisbaden and Ems, to institutions in the two towns, and hence derives no direct profit from them. This is a proof that the Duke, like the Baden government, must be guided by the conviction that the gambling-houses conduce to the welfare of the town, perhaps of the State.

PUNS BY HOOD.

"Of *course*, a race-course isn't *coarse*,
A *fine* is far from *fine*;
It is a saddening sight to see
A noble *pine*-tree *pine*."

"A kitchen-*maid* is often *made*
To burn her face, or broil it;
A lady will do little else
Than *toil*-*it* at her *toilet*."

"A sea-horse is a sea-horse
When you *see* him in the *sea*;
But when you see him in the *bay*
A *bay* horse then is he."

The following is the last pun perpetrated by Hood:—"I die out of pure generosity to gratify the undertaker, who wishes to *turn a lively Hood*."

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"The most essential feature of the dress is perfect liberty about the waist and shoulders. The female costume may be never so short, if the waist or shoulders be trammelled, the exertions will serve no good purpose. If the arms can be thrust perpendicularly upward without drawing a quarter of an ounce on the dress, the most vital point has been secured. It is made very loose about the neck and shoulders, worn without hoops, but with a thin skirt as near the color of the dress as possible, and only stiff enough to keep the outside skirt from hanging closely to the legs. This skirt should be fastened to the belt of the dress so that it will not hang below the dress when the arms are raised.

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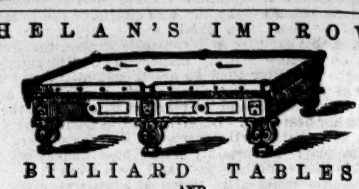

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